The UNIVERSITY *of* PENNSYLVANIA LIBRARY CHRONICLE

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The UNIVERSITY *of* PENNSYLVANIA LIBRARY CHRONICLE

Issued
Four Times a Year by and for
the Friends of the Library of the
University of Pennsylvania

Vol 12 No 1 April 1944

Charles W. Burr

The UNIVERSITY *of* PENNSYLVANIA

LIBRARY CHRONICLE

Issued four times a year by and for the Friends of the Library of the University

C. Seymour Thompson — Editor

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Vol 12 No 1 — April 1944

A friend, indeed, was Dr. Burr. He was the principal founder of the Friends of the Library. By his gifts of money and of books he enabled us to strengthen our resources in many fields—in nearly every field, indeed, for they represent the remarkable breadth of his interests, his full appreciation of the importance of every branch of learning. That Aristotle was the only writer who tempted him to any degree of specialization in his purchases for the Library was a consequence of his unbounded spirit of intellectual inquiry, his searching for the truth and for the reason, which are so well represented on his bookplate by a large, dominating questionmark.

One of his last gifts to the Library was a choice copy of Gabriel Naudé's *Instructions Concerning Erecting of a Library* (London, 1661, the first English edition of his *Advis pour dresser une bibliothèque,* translated by John Evelyn). In this we read:

> If it be possible in this world to attain any sovereign good, any perfect and accomplisht felicity, I believe that there were certainly none more desireable than the fruitful entertainment, and most agreeable divertisement which might be received from such a Library by a learned man, and who were not so curious in having Books, *ut illi sint coenationum ornamenta, quam ut studiorum instrumenta,* since from that alone he might with reason name himself *Cosmopolitan,* or Habitant of the *Universe:* that he might know all, see all, and be ignorant of nothing. Briefly, seeing he is absolute Master of this Contentment, that he might manage it after his own fancie, enjoy it when he would, quit it when he pleas'd, entertain himself in it at his

liberty; and that without contradiction, without travail, and without pains, he may instruct himself, and learn the exactest particulars

Of all that is, that was, and that may be
In Earth, the farthest Heavens, and the Sea.

The pleasure in books thus described by the seventeenth-century librarian was Dr. Burr's pleasure. It was with the same pleasure and the same motive that he gave so abundantly to enrich the Library of the University: with 19,000 volumes from his own library in 1932, and with innumerable books, over a period of many years, which he purchased for us. Though his visits were many, he seldom came with empty hands. A frequent and always welcome experience it has been to look up from work, aware of Dr. Burr's presence in the doorway, and usually of his voice: "Here's a book that I thought you might like for the Library." Among the gifts which these memorable visits brought us are splendid copies of the Nuremberg Chronicle, Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotlande, and Irelande* (Shakespeare's principal source for English history), a Kelmscott Chaucer, and Rudolph Ackermann's *History of the University of Cambridge* and *History of the University of Oxford.* No gifts could have been made with less ostentation or less desire for praise; his only desire was that the books might be useful to inquirers after knowledge—after "the exactest particulars of all that is, that was, and that may be."

Dr. Burr won our sincere, enduring gratitude: not for his generous gifts alone, though this is without limit, but even more for the kindness of his heart, the inspiration of his personality, the sincerity of his friendship.

C.S.T.

JOHN FREDERICK LEWIS, JR. ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE FRIENDS

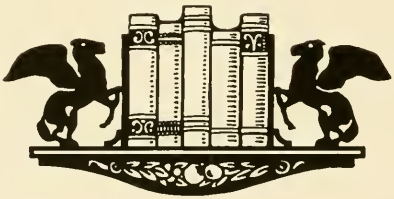
An interesting and well attended meeting of the Friends of the Library was held February 11, with Dr. Charles W. David, Director of Libraries, presiding. Dr. David announced that Dr. John A. Stevenson had found it necessary to resign the office of President of the Friends because of pressure of other obligations, and that since his wishes in the matter must be complied with his resignation had been accepted, with regret, and with full appreciation of his great interest in the Library and of his service as President of the Friends. The following officers were then elected: President, Mr. John Frederick Lewis, Jr.; Vice-presidents, Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach and Dr. Charles W. David; Secretary, Mr. C. Seymour Thompson. (The Treasurer of the University is *ex officio* Treasurer of the Friends.)

John Frederick Lewis, Jr., is an alumnus of the University of Pennsylvania, of the Class of 1920, and is now serving as an associate trustee of the University. He is President of the Art Alliance of Philadelphia, of the Academy of Music, and of the Mercantile Library. He also serves on the boards of numerous cultural institutions, including the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, the Free Library of Philadelphia, the Athenaeum of Philadelphia, and the University Museum.

The following addresses constituted the evening's program: The Future of Chinese Studies in American Universities, by Dr. Charles S. Gardner, Lecturer in Chinese in charge of Area Language Program, A.S.T.P.; The Chinese Collection in the University of Pennsylvania Library, by Dr. Derk Bodde, Assistant Professor of Chinese Studies, University of Pennsylvania; The Future of Slavic Studies in American Universities, by Dr. Sergius Yakobson, Consultant on Slavonic History, Li-

brary of Congress; The Charlemagne Tower Collection of Russian Books in the University of Pennsylvania Library, by Mr. Dimitri Fedotoff White, historian and author.

We are glad to be able to print these addresses in this issue of the *Chronicle,* and to announce that Dr. Bodde has kindly consented to arrange an exhibit of materials illustrating the development of the Chinese book, which will be displayed at the Library for several weeks, beginning May 15.



THE FUTURE OF SLAVIC STUDIES IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES

By Sergius Yakobson

Mr. Chairman, Friends of the University of Pennsylvania Library!

I am honored by the invitation to speak here tonight and much indebted to our chairman for this privilege. I am particularly happy to speak in your town and in your University. I vividly remember the inspiring intellectual atmosphere I found at your Library when I came to see Dr. Lingelbach upon my arrival in this country from war-torn England, late summer 1940.

From the earliest days of American-Russian cultural relations, Philadelphia had a special place of honor in the thoughts of a Russian scholar. Already, under Catherine the Great, the first articles translated from the "Transactions of the American Philosophical Society" were printed in Russian newspapers and magazines. The distant Pennsylvania appeared to the Russians of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries as the seat of wisdom, and Philadelphia as the largest and cleanest city in the world.

The personality of the noble Dr. Franklin of Philadelphia appealed particularly to the Russian heart and mind. He was celebrated as a new Prometheus and harbinger of modernity, scholar and world citizen, writer and republican. He was unanimously elected member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg. Only the Empress Catherine did not care for this unusual American revolutionary.

It is indeed an honor to have been invited to comment tonight upon the future of Slavic studies in the United States. Yet I am fully aware of my limitations. Our very kind chair-

man has, to be sure, asked me for predictions of things to come. Here I am, I—an historian, who by inclination, training, and daily work is accustomed to decipher the patterns of the past. Cultural weather-forecasts appear somehow foreign to an orthodox historian. And still the challenge to comment briefly on a vital aspect of postwar education prevailed over the doubts of a narrow-minded specialist. There is wisdom in the few words engraved at the gates of the National Archives in Washington: "What is past—is prologue."

I would like first to say a word about the shortcomings of the early stages of Slavic research in this country, not that we should underestimate the pioneer work done by Professor Noyes of California and Professor Wiener of Harvard in the study of Slavic literature, nor the impetus given to Slavic historical research by Professor Golder at Stanford, and Archibald Coolidge at Harvard, or the interest awakened by Professor Harper of Chicago in the study of Russian institutions. Of course, I do not share the opinion of those who think that historic recollections provide adequate immunity against future mistakes. But past experiences, former omissions and errors can very well serve as a warning, give guidance, and clarify issues. Lord Vansittart is right: "One can learn much from the past if one can smile at it, instead of always girding at it like a progressive or hankering after it like a reactionary."[1]

The first striking feature of the development of Slavic scholarship in the United States is the lag of scholarship behind political and economic developments. We know, for instance, that American-Russian relations have been, since the very beginning, of a friendly nature—at least as far as the two peoples, if not always their governments, were concerned.

The United States of America excited Russian imagination as a land of freedom, as an export market, and as an exotic country in which more people supposedly died from the arrows

[1] Lord Vansittart, *Lessons of My Life,* New York, 1943, p. 3.

of the Indians than from natural causes. According to a very early prediction made by a Russian freemason, Novikov, in 1784—"Freedom expelled from Europe through luxury and corruption will find refuge in the American republic."

The democratic institutions of America—freedom of the press and of speech, civic liberties, voluntary military service—were all regarded by the Russian liberals as patterns worth imitating. In the forties the great Russian democrat Herzen spoke of the United States, though separated by an ocean of salty water from Siberia, as the only likely partner of Russia. And, incidentally, the Frenchman Tocqueville, in the closing words of the first volume of his famous study "Democracy in America," printed for the first time more than one hundred years ago, characterized Americans and Russians as the only two truly great nations of the world. "All other nations," he wrote, "seem to have nearly reached their natural limits, and they have only to maintain their power; but the Americans and Russians are still in the act of growth. All the others have stopped, or continue to advance with extreme difficulty; these alone are proceeding with ease and celerity along a path to which no limit can be perceived. ---- Their starting point is different, and their courses are not the same; yet each of them seems marked out by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe."

The Americans reciprocated Russian admiration. The Americans like the Russians personally—though, as it has been rightly observed, they "do not care at all for the governments which the Russians have permitted to rule over them. ---- In casual intercourse, Americans and Russians get on extraordinarily well ----, but when it comes to the conduct of serious business ----, Americans and Russians ---- easily misunderstand each other ----. Russia presents to America a confusing and fascinating set of contradictions ----. But their respective positions tend to bring them into friendly cooperation ----. Each is for the other a potential friend in the rear of

potential enemies."[2]

If we turn now from the earlier phases of American-Russian friendship and collaboration based on practical considerations, popular will and sentiment, to the field of serious research and instruction, we note that even Russian studies in America only slowly gained a following of scholars. Until the end of the nineteenth century there have been—I am quoting a colleague at Columbia University—"only two persons, a Yankee character and a German professor's daughter, able in any sense of the word to qualify as forerunners of today's American Slavicists."[3]

The nineteenth century American diplomats accredited to the Court of St. Petersburg who knew Russian had to learn it outside the college—from private teachers and sometimes even "through German, as there was no other way of learning it."[4] The first course in the Russian language was given at Harvard in 1896, and only in the 1930's were Slavic studies accorded full recognition at the American universities and colleges. Until well into the twentieth century, travel books were the main original source of information on Russia. Scholarly Slavic publications were unavailable in America, though—I must say this in fairness to casual American visitors to Russia—their observations were frequently penetrating and discomfortingly correct. Thus, William S. Edwards spoke as early as 1902 of an inevitable revolution in Russia. He saw "a discontent so deep-rooted and so intense that when the inevitable hour strikes, as strike it must, the world will then behold in Russia a saturnalia of blood and tears, a squaring of ten centuries' accounts, more fraught with human anguish and

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[2] De Witt Clinton Poole, "Russia and the United States," in *New Europe*, New York, September 1941, p. 246 (quotations slightly rearranged).

[3] A. P. Coleman, "Slavonic Studies in the United States, 1918-1938," in *The Slavonic Review*, London, 1938-39, vol. 17, p. 372.

[4] "Memoirs of Jeremiah Curtin," edited by Joseph Schafer, *Wisconsin Biography Series*, Madison, 1940, vol. 2, p. 72; *cf.* also Eugene Schuyler, "Selected Essays," New York, 1901, p. 20.

human joy than ever dreamed a Marat and a Robespierre, more direful and more glad than yet mankind have known."[5]

I have spoken so far of the tardiness with which Slavic studies took root in this country. A second serious obstacle for a rapid progress of Slavic scholarship in America was the lack of an organic and planned program. Too much was left to chance. Only acute crises generated financial support and promoted interest. The many, and brilliant, American achievements in the Slavic field were until recently primarily the work of a few enthusiasts, and less the result of a constructive policy on the part of American universities and colleges.

The situation was similar to that of the reporting of foreign events in the American press, though in many ways one of the best in the world. Even our leading national papers have not yet established permanent observers in all the vital points of the globe with an assignment to write up political, economical, and cultural developments. Be it civil war in Spain or an earthquake in Turkey, special correspondents are hurried to the scene preceded or followed by volunteers. The "big event" is hardly over, when the correspondents are withdrawn and sent to another place where headlines are being made. The curious readers are left guessing about further developments.

Similarly, with a few notable exceptions, no provisions were made at the American universities and colleges, which would have guaranteed a continuous flow of information on Slavic topics and training of Slavic specialists. The attention given to Slavic studies by the higher educational institutions was unfortunately made too dependent on the difficulties and uncertainties which have characterized the relations between the United States of America and Slavic Europe.

No less disappointing was the often limited scope of Slavic research in America. We wrote and spoke about Slavic studies

[5] Quoted by Anna M. Babey in her Doctor's thesis, *Americans in Russia 1776-1917*, New York, 1938, p. 126.

but usually meant only Russian studies. The study of the minor Slavic countries and peoples was ignored or at least neglected. This is more surprising in view of the large number of Slavic immigrants. Not less than 5 per cent. of American citizens have Slavic blood in their veins. Here in Pennsylvania alone, as you know, live over 600,000 persons of Polish and Ukrainian descent. The different Slavic ethnic groups contributed nobly to the common American heritage. But how much do we know about the background and the old countries of these our Slavic fellow citizens?

Now, I think, that from these critical remarks about past experiences, certain lessons for the future can be derived. First of all, we shall need (and I think we can expect) in the near future a definite expansion of Slavic studies in America. The public, in addition to the scholars, is taking at last active interest in questions of Slavic research. Thus it is to be hoped that in the wiser postwar period Slavic teaching and studies will become a constituent part of our university and college curricula. This should be so, and not exclusively in the interest of some rare individuals engaged in esoteric pursuits.

The extension of the curriculum has become imperative for reasons of foreign policy and national interest. For these studies will enrich American cultural life and help us to meet new and expanded responsibilities in the world. We can no longer—with aëroplanes reaching in less than three days every spot on earth—afford to remain insular in our attitudes and ways of thinking. And, as modern population research teaches us, in about twenty years every second European will be a Slav.

"The Americans have the mind to conceive and the physical force to make themselves the English-speaking people," wrote Jeremiah Curtin in the summer of 1900. "The world that extends from the Adriatic eastward to the Pacific Ocean is Slav now by race, and seems likely to be Slav politically in the future not so very remote. The Slav question is the greatest

political question in Europe since the rise of the Roman Empire."[6]

Funds will have to be provided for the establishment of permanent chairs and fellowships in the Slavic disciplines, at all the leading American educational institutions. "Universities and colleges must be reminded constantly,"—and I am quoting here a private paper prepared by a Slavic scholar now with the Government—"of the importance of making provisions for work in the Slavic field. In some cases assistance from outside in providing teaching and research tools might help to crystallize the interest of administrators and department heads in developing the Slavic field."

For better or worse,—and I for one hope that our relations with the Slavic world will be of an increasingly friendly nature, —it will be the duty of American universities to educate a new generation of experts, able to analyze properly and to interpret correctly the governments and peoples of the Slavic world. The auspices for such an effort seem at present to be particularly favorable. Recent experience has demonstrated beyond any doubt, how dangerously unprepared we were for a sudden crisis, and how narrow was the circle of fully trained Slavicists available for the war effort.

One handicap in the effective pursuit of Slavic studies has been removed—at least temporarily. As long as the Slavic languages, for example Russian, are not taught in the American secondary schools, a good deal of valuable time of the Slavic students will always be spent in the colleges and universities in acquiring the necessary and terrifying linguistic equipment. Lately, however, under the auspices of the American Council of Learned Societies, quite a few universities have introduced a number of intensive courses in the so-called "unusual" Slavic languages. Instruction in Russian has also been given a prominent place in Army and Navy special train-

[6] *Op. cit.*, p. 780.

ing programs. This was an important departure which, thanks to the ingenious teaching methods, bore excellent immediate results.

So it is to be hoped that when, after the war, our men now in the Army and Navy will be given back to civilian life and will return to their scholastic occupations, at least some of them will choose to go on with the Slavic studies, and profit from the knowledge of the one or other Slavic tongues acquired during the war. And, as after the First World War, the teaching staff might also be recruited from the young men at present engaged in war work in the Slavic field at home and abroad.

Simultaneously, the barriers separating the humanities from the social sciences will have to disappear. Adequate regional studies require inter-disciplinary training and a total approach. Thus, it will in future be inadmissible that students should major in history or literature of a Slavic people without any comprehensive knowledge of their civilization. The Slavic student might decide to specialize in a definite field but he must be given an opportunity to become familiar with all the other aspects of Slavic life.

For obvious reasons more attention will be paid in the future to the study of smaller Slavic countries. Three of them —Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia—belong to the United Nations, and the American citizens of Slavic ancestry are nowadays becoming more interested in their national traditions. On the other hand, all area studies provided in a lecture hall are bound to remain incomplete without extensive field work. The latter is of paramount importance—no bookish information can ever convey the local colour of a Slavic milieu. But certainly no one could prophesy today how soon facilities for study and research will be open in postwar Europe to the American student of Slavic affairs.

A further prerequisite for a promising development of Slavic studies here at home is—besides the changes in university teaching—a proper organization of the supply of Slavic

books and other source materials. An important and honorable role will have to be performed in this field by our national, state, and especially university libraries. The Slavic holdings of the libraries are neither poor investment, nor fancy collections. Didn't recent events show that even boundary disputes of Eastern Europe are no longer family quarrels of the Slavs between themselves, but that they do affect our own national interests? Only a free and adequate access to the original source materials will facilitate fact-finding and guide our public opinion to a better understanding of the issues at stake. This will in the future safeguard us against a good deal of shocks and embarrassment.

Slavic collections need consistent policies of acquisition, hence expert Slavic librarians. The choice of books cannot be left to the whims of untrained librarians, to the personal taste of donors, and to the chances of book exchanges. We need planning, vision and foresight—qualities as much required in library work as in business. I wish to mention here the experience I had about eight years ago with a leading British educational institution to which I suggested that the flow of Soviet printed materials sent in huge quantities to Germany prior to 1933 be redirected to England. No action was taken for fear of Communist propaganda. I received recently word from the same organization asking for advice and assistance in securing Soviet materials now badly needed for the prosecution of the war and no longer obtainable through the ordinary trade channels. But by then it was too late.

May I, therefore, suggest to my colleagues of the American libraries not to postpone any longer the building up of their Slavic collections, and to secure now the available copies of important Slavic publications both here and abroad. The Slavic book market is rapidly shrinking. Innumerable book collections in the Slavic countries themselves (in Kiev alone up to six million volumes) have been pillaged or destroyed.

As to the selection of new acquisitions I am glad to make here the announcement of a new project undertaken by the Library of Congress with the help of the Rockefeller Foundation. Until lately anyone engaging in Slavic research "was obliged to be his own bibliographer."[7] Now, a group of scholars has been entrusted to work out, under the leadership of Professor Karpovich of Harvard and with my assistance, a basic Russian bibliography of about 20,000 entries, covering such a wide range of subjects as Russian history, literature, philology, economics, religion, geography, regional studies, law, art, and a number of sciences.

This basic bibliography is meant to serve a number of practical purposes, but its primary task is to help librarians in shaping their acquisition policy relating to Russian materials. Secondly, these bibliographical lists, which are going to be checked against the holdings of the leading American libraries, will provide a partial inventory of existing American collections of Russian materials. They will show their deficiencies and, at the same time, they will give an over-all picture of the distribution of Russian materials among the individual American libraries and their particular spheres of interest.

The Library of Congress is particularly strong in Russian regional studies, the New York Public Library in literary criticism and "belles lettres," and the Hoover War Library in publications on recent Russian history and foreign affairs. But what about Chicago, Berkeley, Cleveland—what about your own Library? This information is important if one wishes to avoid duplication of effort. It might also lead some day to the organization of the purchase of Slavic materials on a national basis.

Finally, next to the urgent broadening of Slavic teaching and research at the American universities and colleges, next to the desired enlargement of Slavic book collections in our

[7] Coleman, *op. cit.*, p. 378.

libraries, the establishment of an independent Slavic clearing house or information center, run and staffed by specialists in the field, seems to me to be essential for the success of Slavic studies in this country.

Our knowledge of the Slavic world before the War was not only insufficient, but often channeled to us second or third hand, and often *via* Germany. The need for an authoritative clearing house has been badly felt for a long time, both on the West Coast and here in the East. I, from my own experience as Slavic Consultant at the Library of Congress, where I have to answer a great variety of inquiries, can testify to the value of such a center. But, though the idea has often been discussed in professional circles, nothing has been done. The existing organizations have either a definite partisan character or their activities are of a limited scope. I think, for instance, of the newly established valuable American-Soviet Medical Society for the exchange of medical information. Thus the foundation of an all-embracing Slavic clearing house remains an imperative assignment for the future.

Perhaps it is still premature to discuss the postwar world. But I am sure we have not to fear, even after the cessation of hostilities, a slump in the interest of the American people and of responsible quarters for the problems of the Slavic world. Even the unavoidable demand for economy after the War will hardly be able to block the real demand for an aggressive promotion of planned and comprehensive Slavic studies.

THE CHARLEMAGNE TOWER COLLECTION

By D. Fedotoff White

It was on a sunny June day in Washington, D. C., in 1933 that I made the acquaintance of Ambassador Tower. Seated at a small table near an open window in one of the rooms of the State Department archives housed in that somewhat incongruous-looking pile of masonry, I was turning over the pages of the folios containing the reports of representatives of the United States at the Court of St. Petersburg, in search of commentary on the situation in Russian Central Asia and the Anglo-Russian rivalry concerned with that part of the world. The gleanings were not over-abundant, with the exception of the period when Mr. Eugene Schuyler was in residence.

Glancing over the documents relating to the reign of Emperor Nicholas II, I came upon a letter written by Ambassador Tower, dated January 18, 1900, on his audience with the Czar, of which I made a brief extract. There was another page, this time in a report dated January 15, 1902, that also attracted my attention, and I made a second note. The lines I copied then were not particularly significant. It was the tone, the attitude of the writer, rather than the context, that struck me.

Ambassador Tower was obviously quite interested in the Emperor and impressed by the latter's detailed knowledge of President Theodore Roosevelt's career, even in its stage concerned with the governorship of the State of New York. The Emperor's insight into commercial problems in the Far East, pointing to the possible strengthening of trade relations with the United States, growing out of Russia's policies there, was apparently somewhat of a surprise to the Ambassador.

At that time I had never heard of Ambassador Tower. What he said, or rather the way he said it, made me wish to learn more about him. I made some inquiries and looked up some reference books. I was pleased to find out that the Ambassador had the same hobby as I—history; that he had written a two-volume "Marquis de LaFayette in the American Revolution," which was published in 1895, as well as a collection of "Essays Political and Historical" which appeared in 1917. Our common avocation spurred me on to find out more about the author of these volumes. Such facts as his birth in Philadelphia on April 17, 1848, his descent from an old and distinguished family of Americans who came to Hingham, Mass., from Hingham, England; his education at Phillips Exeter Academy and Harvard University; the *grand tour* of Europe and the Near East which lasted some four years and his admission to the bar in 1878—were soon added to my fund of knowledge. Mr. Tower's comparatively short business career at Duluth and Philadelphia, his marriage to Miss Helen Smith of Oakland, Cal., led me to believe that the young man was settling down to a life of alternating business activities and travel. But then I found out that in 1896 Mr. Tower had become Vice-President of the Department of Archaeology and Paleontology, as well as a Trustee of this University.

Apparently even this new field did not suffice to give a satisfactory outlet to Mr. Tower's energy and ability. In April, 1897, he accepted an appointment as United States Minister to Austria-Hungary. This was followed in January, 1899, by promotion to an Ambassadorship at the Court of St. Petersburg, at which post he remained from March 16, 1899, till November, 1902. The Russian part of Ambassador Tower's career held a particular interest for me and I looked into the record of his diplomatic work in Russia. To my surprise, I found that the agreement he negotiated with the Russian government, while at his post, had bearing on a

matte with which my childhood had some connection. It dealt with arbitration of claims of American sealing vessels, seized in the Behring Sea by Russian cruisers. As my father served as an officer on board one of these cruisers, I had from childhood heard of the story of these seizures, of the long voyages through foggy seas to the Kamchatka ports of these prize ships, officered by my father's friends. I also frequently had occasion to see my mother's furs bought at auction when the prize cargoes were disposed of.

The appointment of Ambassador Tower to Berlin did not interest me particularly, but the list of his decorations struck me as unusual. It not only included a Grand Officer's Cross of the Legion of Honor, but also the Ribbon of the Order of St. Alexander Nevskii of Russia. This order, strange to say, was again instituted by Marshal Stalin and is the only order of Soviet Russia which bears a connection in name with the old Russian orders. Although I knew that there was a Charlemagne Tower collection of American colonial laws, I had not known of the existence of the Russian collection donated to this University by the Ambassador. After I came to live in Philadelphia in 1934 and began my studies at the Graduate School of this University, the existence of the collection not only became known to me, but added a great deal to the pleasure of living here.

So much for the generous donor. Now let us briefly examine the contents of the collection. Our Library possesses two copies of the small catalog of Russian books comprised in the Charlemagne Tower collection. The catalog was published at St. Petersburg in 1902, under the title "A Catalog of the Russian Books presented to the University of Pennsylvania by Charlemagne Tower." The text is bilingual—Russian and English. Unfortunately, from the bibliographical viewpoint, this catalog leaves a great deal to be desired. Even the title page of the Russian part of it is an incorrect translation of the English one, and a naive Russian might

well be led to suppose that while our University was located in Pennsylvania, it was named after Charlemagne Tower and not after the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. The two sections do not follow the same plan. The English one contains an alphabetical list of books, while the Russian one is divided into sub-headings: a) Collected works of Russian authors; b) Russian history, biographies and memoirs; c) History of Russian literature, criticism, popular epos; d) Novels, novelettes, poems, short stories, drama, etc. Names of publishers, date of publication and number of pages are omitted.

Fortunately the collection itself is much better than its printed catalog. For its size, it is indeed an excellent library. Whoever selected the volumes for Ambassador Tower knew what he was about. Our University has every reason to be proud to possess it.

Let us look at the titles of at least some of the books comprised in this collection. In following the order set in the Russian part of the catalog, allow me to begin with the collected works.

It is pleasing to note that the able co-founder of Russian slavophilism, K. S. Aksakov, is well represented, also his father, S. T. Aksakov, whose delightful volumes on the pioneering life of the Russian squires east of the Volga have been the joy of generations of Russian readers and are beginning, in translation, to attract the attention of Americans.

The great Russian critic, V. G. Belinskii's works—all twelve volumes of them—are also present. The place of literary criticism in Russian life in the nineteenth century was very important. Belinskii set the pace which later critics followed.

N. V. Gogol, whose "Taras Bulba" was so ably translated by Jeremiah Curtin, and I. A. Goncharov's novels "Oblomov" and "The Summit," comparatively little known to non-Russians, as well as his other works, are included. The quaint humor of I. F. Gorbunov—two volumes—offers good material for a comparative study of the Russian sense of humor,

its differences and similarities with that of America. Griboedov's great comedy, "The Mischief of Being Clever," is also on the shelves.

F. M. Dostoevskii's works rub shoulders with those of the Empress Catherine II. K. D. Kavelin's historical and philosophical writings are close to the poems of K. R.—the pen name of the Grand Duke Constantine, a well-known minor poet.

I. A. Krylov's fables, so unique in their racy language and wit, precede M. Iu. Lermontov's great poems and prose on the same page of the catalog. The writings of the Russian Franklin, M. V. Lomonosov, the humble peasant lad who became the greatest Russian scientist of the eighteenth century, are close by. Then comes N. S. Leskov, with his incomparable "Cathedral Folk," this rare tale overshadowing P. I. Melnikov's (Pecherskii) work on the life of Russian Dissenters.

A tidbit for the connoisseurs are I. P. Miatlev's volumes. His "Voyages and Sensations of Madame de Kouzdukoff" are the Russian counterpart of "Innocents Abroad." S. Ia. Nadson's and N. A. Nekrasov's poetry offset A. Ostrovskii's earthy comedies of Russian middle class life. The great Russian surgeon, N. I. Pirogov, who wrote as well as he operated, also belongs to the authors of the collection. Another Russian humorist—this time a collective one—Kuzma Prutkov, calls for our attention. Then follow the works of the great A. S. Pushkin, a poet whom the Russians admire so much—and whom foreigners strive to understand. M. E. Saltykov, whose great satirical novels added a note of bitter sarcasm to the Russian literature of the nineteenth century, competes for our attention with the limpid I. S. Turgenev and the unique L. N. Tolstoy. These sets will be read and re-read many a time in the future. The poems of F. I. Tiutchev and A. A. Fet will also be appreciated by students of Russian literature. A. P. Chekhov's gentle humor, too, will find many readers and the

ten-volume collection of his works is an asset.

I am afraid I have recited to you many a name that does not evoke a ready response in your memory. May I assure you that these works are indispensable in any good library of Russian books and that we have every reason to rejoice that Mr. Charlemagne Tower had such a catholic taste in Russian literature.

May I pass now to the history division. The Archive of the Counts Mordvinov (3 vols.) and the huge collection (40 vols.) of the Prince Vorontsov Archive are very valuable. The ten volumes of Prince F. A. Kurakin's Archive and the sixteen volumes of Barsukov's "Life and Works of M. P. Pogodin" are quite important. I. Zabelin's works will prove of interest to any student of pre-Petrine Russian culture; volumes by V. Kliuchevskii and N. Kostomarov, the earlier works of P. Miliukov, whose "Outlines of Russian Culture" were recently published in translation, by the University of Pennsylvania Press, vie for our interest with the works of S. F. Platonov. I am particularly glad to find the volumes of that delightful old antiquarian of St. Petersburg and Moscow, M. I. Pyliaev among the books of the collection. The five volumes of the Russian Biographical Dictionary and S. Vengerov's Critico-biographical Dictionary of Russian writers and scientists are an important part of it. But the most important of all is perhaps the great collection of the Imperial Russian Historical Society—one hundred and thirteen volumes of documents, mostly concerning the eighteenth and the early nineteenth century. This is a real mine for future seminar students to dig in for their reports. It has great interest not only for students of Russian history, but also for students of European diplomatic history.

These samples selected at random will show you, I hope, how fortunate we are to have this generous gift bestowed upon the University by Ambassador Tower.

It is an open secret that for many years the collection was little used. I believe I am correct in stating that my monograph on the Russian naval officers of the beginning of the nineteenth century is the only published result of research work, based on it. There are, however, many reasons to believe that the situation is changing and that the books of the collection will be much in demand both for reading and research in the future.

William Temple, in his "Ancient and Modern Learning," wrote in 1692: "Books, like proverbs, receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem of ages through which they have passed." This is an interesting thought, more profound than the trite "*Habent sua fata libelli.*"

It would be out of place to attempt to elaborate tonight the theory of relative cultural value of any given collection of books. However, I am certain that it is quite clear to all those who have given any thought at all to this problem, that the value of the Charlemagne Tower collection to the scholars and students of this University, and this city as a whole, has rapidly risen in the last two years.

The importance of understanding the fountainheads of strength and policies of Russia impinged itself very forcibly indeed upon all of us even before Stalingrad, the Moscow and the Teheran conferences. Mr. W. H. Chamberlin may speak about the Russian enigma in his last book; there is, nevertheless, a very definite resolve on the part of the American public to find a key to that so-called enigma and to understand why Russia is strong in the field, as well as to comprehend the reasoning behind her political actions. Without knowledge of Russian history, without acquaintance with Russian literature, is it possible to comprehend Russia's present, or to venture to speculate on her future?

My learned friend, Dr. Sergius Yakobson, formerly of the University of London, will speak to you on the future of

Slavic studies in American universities. May I advance a few thoughts as to how this valuable collection could be integrated with the general trend now in evidence to give a greater prominence to Slavic studies in American colleges and universities, how to make it more valuable to scholars and all those permitted to use this library's books.

These suggestions could be stated as follows: It is fairly obvious that the collection needs a new home, needs to be housed in a comfortable room, where books would be more accessible to the student, where they could be reached without danger to the scholars' limbs—not to mention risk to the innocent bystander. Whether this problem could be readily solved prior to that of a new home for the library as a whole, I am not in a position to say. It is, however, a pressing problem.

Conditions in American libraries, particularly steam heat, are unfavorable to Russian bindings. The collection should be examined from that viewpoint and steps taken either to rebind the books or to strengthen their present bindings.

Both these needs are important. But they are entirely overshadowed by the necessity of bringing the collection up to date. It is urgent to repeat at present what Ambassador Tower did in 1902. Our interest lies not only in Russia's fairly remote past, but in her present and in the period covered by the last thirty years or so. To bridge culturally this period, thousands of additional books, scores of sets of magazines, are necessary to provide the tools for the study of modern Russia.

Personally, I should like very much to see the name of Ambassador Tower connected not only with the books he donated, but with the additional collections which I am certain will be acquired in a none too distant future. May I express the hope that the Friends of the Library of the University will take the initiative in endorsing the plan for the improvement and enlargement of the Charlemagne Tower collection?

THE FUTURE OF CHINESE STUDIES IN AMERICA

By Charles S. Gardner

To formulate an objective judgment on the future of Chinese studies in this country it may be helpful to glance briefly at their history in other lands as well as in our own.

Marco Polo, beyond doubt the greatest of Italian foreign correspondents, unhappily was not a student of the Chinese language, and appears to have brought no Chinese books to Europe. No more did the missionaries of his day, although both the Nestorian and Roman churches were represented at Peking in Mongol times.

Fortunately the Jesuits who were active in China from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century were deeply concerned to tap the resources of Chinese literature, not only for their own immediate benefit, but also to promote home interest in sustaining their work. As a consequence, much pioneer translation and many research treatises were sent to Europe during the eighteenth century, and several score of Chinese books found their way into the Royal Library of the kings of France, to be duly catalogued in 1742, with an impressive multitude of errors, by an Arabist who identified individual words but divined their relationship largely by conjecture.

A new epoch begins in Napoleonic days with a French student of medicine, Abel Rémusat (1788-1832). This brash young man, chancing to see a Chinese illustrated herbal which no one then in Paris could or would teach him to read, determined to learn the language for himself. Despite official refusal of access to the Royal Library, and the incidental handicap of blindness in one eye from a childhood accident,

he actually taught himself to read, with a bad grammar, and at the outset with no dictionary at all, chiefly by comparison of religious texts for which translations were in print. At the same time he acquired Manchu, for which study aids were happily available, without neglecting his medicine. His achievement and promise were recognized by creation for him at the age of twenty-six of a chair of "Chinese and Tartar-Manchu Languages and Literatures" in the already venerable Collège de France, and by his subsequent appointment in 1816 to catalogue that very library from which he had recently been excluded. He justified these honors by effective teaching, numerous serious translations, and publication of the first reasoned grammar of Chinese.

The sound tradition established by Abel Rémusat has been continued at the Collège de France by a distinguished and unbroken succession of professional scholars. Next in line was one of his brilliant pupils, Stanislas Julien, a formidable personality and prodigious scholar, who occupied the chair from 1832 to 1873.

Twenty years later a young man of twenty-eight named Edouard Chavannes (1865-1918) was called as fourth incumbent of the chair. More fortunate than Rémusat or Julien, he had been able to complement excellent training in Paris with four years' study in Peking. Chavannes for the first time carried over into Chinese studies those principles which had been evolved in classical philology. No longer content with the pioneer tradition of translating a Chinese text as an isolated phenomenon, he set the example of inquiry concerning the background, competence, purposes, sources and methods of its author; the circumstances of its transmission; and the commentaries and parallel texts which might illumine it. As much by his critical methodology and broad familiarity with Chinese literature as by indefatigable industry in such diverse fields as China's ancient history and religion, epigraphy, Buddhism, and the history of Central Asia, his labors in fact

ushered in a new era for Chinese studies, not in France alone but ultimately throughout the world.

One of Chavannes' French pupils, Paul Pelliot (born in 1878), occupies today a unique position as leading sinologist and also undisputed master of his titular field. He occupies a special chair of the Languages and Literatures of Central Asia which was created for him at the Collège de France in 1909 when he brought back from an archaeological mission through the Tarim Basin to Peking thousands of mediaeval texts as well as many hundred modern works to supplement the Chinese holdings of the National Library in Paris. Another pupil, Henri Maspero, is the equally distinguished successor of Chavannes himself, a scholar whose penetrating monographs have thrown light on the history and modern structure of spoken Chinese, as well as upon some of the most difficult problems of textual and historical criticism which have baffled Chinese scholars for centuries.

A Swedish pupil of Chavannes, Bernhard Karlgren, a giant in his own right, has borne the great tradition to Göteborg and Stockholm. A Netherlander, J. J. L. Duyvendak, has brought it to Leiden: he is now joint editor with Pelliot of a journal which Chavannes once served. Chavannes' influence has been exerted in China itself, not only by personal contacts and through the example of his books, but also through his pupils. Lastly, it has expanded in broadening ripples in Japan through the precept and example of men who studied with him in Paris, like the late Naito Torajirō and Haneda Tōru, the present president of the Imperial University of Kyōto.

It may be of interest to note that the student of Chinese in Paris today can draw not only upon the great resources of the National Library, but also upon a large personal library of Pelliot, which he has deposited at the Sorbonne, the library of Chavannes which he bequeathed to the Asiatic Society, a Chinese collection at the School of Living Oriental Languages, and two other private libraries. Even more important, the

student who shows aptitude and assiduity in the courses at the School of Languages may hope to be sent for advanced study to the French School of the Far East (really a research institute) which possesses a fine library at Hanoi in Tongking. If his work published in the "Bulletin" of the School gives evidence that he has absorbed the scholarly standards set before him at the Collège de France, he may be sent occasionally to China or Japan, or retained at Hanoi until such time as there may appear a teaching vacancy in metropolitan France. Thus there is assured a constant supply of competent candidates for such positions—competent because they have been able to devote their best years to specialized scholarly training.

If now we turn our gaze across the English Channel we shall discern instructive contrasts. British scholarship in this field took its rise in the treaty ports of China. It was there that Robert Morrison (1782-1834), the pioneer Protestant missionary, overcame all manner of Chinese and foreign impediments to prepare for the first time in English a grammar (1812) and, above all, a great dictionary (1814). Morrison was already dead when James Legge (pronounced leg, 1815-1897) went out to Malacca as a missionary at the age of twenty-four. Legge became Principal of the Anglo-Chinese College which Morrison had founded there, and moved with it in 1843 to Hongkong, where he devoted the leisure of many years to what still remains the standard translation of the Chinese Classics (8 volumes, 1861-72). In 1875, when Legge had retired to England and was already sixty, a small fund was raised to provide a chair for him at Oxford, which he occupied until his death at the age of eighty-two. He has been succeeded in turn by a retired consular official and by two retired missionaries.

A contemporary of Legge, Alexander Wylie (1815-1887), whose monumental "Notes on Chinese Literature" (Shanghai, 1867) contributed importantly to give British

scholarship temporary primacy in Chinese studies, was ignored entirely by the universities.

A chair of Chinese Language and History was created at Cambridge in 1888 for Sir Thomas Wade, a good Chinese scholar who had served for a dozen years as Minister at the court of Peking, and who upon retirement had presented to the university his excellent Chinese library. He was already seventy years of age but lived a further seven years. Wade was succeeded in 1897 by Herbert Allen Giles, a retired consular official who had employed his spare time in China in compiling an invaluable Chinese-English dictionary and a biographical dictionary which has yet to be superseded. He occupied the chair for thirty-five years, 1897-1932, until resignation at eighty-six. We are all indebted to Giles for his labors of compilation and translation, but it is essential for our present purpose to note that he was so far unprepared for the rigorous standards set by Chavannes in Paris that Maspero, in reviewing a collection of his essays, felt compelled to state that he revealed complete disregard of bibliographic inquiry, the principles of criticism, and the technique of scholarly presentation.

Another retired consular official, Edward H. Parker, was in 1901 appointed to concurrent posts at the University of Liverpool and Owen's College, Manchester. These he held for twenty-five years until his death at seventy-seven. He too was an indefatigable student and prolific writer. He too was innocent of scholarly techniques.

The ultimate result of filling underpaid chairs from the ranks of those who have already retired from another kind of career could only be to discourage able and ambitious young men from entry to such a field. Actually only the British Museum has offered to a younger man any position of an attractive nature. The first such is its Keepership of Oriental Printed Books and Manuscripts, now long held by Lionel Giles (born 1875), a son of H. A. Giles and a distinguished scholar;

the other is the curatorship of Oriental Prints and Drawings, of which the present incumbent, Arthur Waley, has made more significant contributions to the progress of our studies than any other contemporary writer in the English language.

In 1935, upon the death of the latest retired missionary appointee to the Professorship of Chinese at the London School of Oriental Studies, that institution admitted the breakdown of national scholarship in this field by inviting to it Walter Simon, an assistant professor at Berlin. In 1939 Cambridge University followed the example by calling there Gustav Haloun, who had been for the past five years assistant professor at Göttingen.

Turning to Germany we find still a different picture. Heinrich J. Klaproth (1783-1835), a contemporary of Rémusat in France, bewildered his teachers in the Gymnasium by demonstrating, self-taught, considerable proficiency in Chinese. Tragically enough his talent found no early recognition in Germany. The Russian court did snap up his services, and sent him in 1806 to investigate the Chinese frontiers of Siberia, on which he published a many-sided report, first in German at St. Petersburg in 1810, and again in French at Paris, 1826-28. It was in Paris that he lived and wrote, even after the King of Prussia too tardily honored him with a professorial title and stipend. He died without having trained a single successor.

Charles Frédéric Neumann (1798-1870), only slightly junior to Klaproth, learned elementary Chinese in Paris, visited China, and brought back to Munich in 1831 a very considerable Chinese library. He was appointed, curiously enough, Professor of Chinese and Armenian; and justified this rather exotic title by a volume of translations from the two languages. In 1852 he was discharged, his place being filled for some years by a conservative student of Confucianism, after whom the chair has been for several decades allowed to remain vacant. Outbreak of the present war has forced post-

ponement of plans for its renewal.

The first serious tradition of Chinese scholarship in Germany and its orientation toward linguistics were alike determined by H. G. Conon von der Gabelentz (1840-1893), a lawyer who with his legal training had tasted the joys of Sanskrit, Avestan, Chinese, Japanese and Manchu. At Leipzig he held for a dozen years a special professorship in Chinese, and was called thence to the Chinese seminar at the University of Berlin (1889-1893) which had been inaugurated by another linguist, Wilhelm Schott. Gabelentz was succeeded at Leipzig by August Conrady, who taught there with distinction for thirty-four years, 1891-1925; while in Berlin his varied linguistic interests were continued by Wilhelm Grube and the Turkish specialist, F. W. K. Müller. At the Berlin Language School meantime, Carl Arendt began in 1887 solid instruction in Chinese, which has since been continued.

Among contemporary German sinologists, three senior figures are of commanding stature. Otto Franke (born 1863), after taking a doctorate in comparative philology at Göttingen, spent thirteen years in the consular service in China and a further period as adviser to the Chinese Legation in Berlin. It was not until the age of forty-four accordingly that he began his second career as teacher. To him we are indebted for many valuable publications, notably the first extensive general history of China in several decades to be based on Chinese sources; but the break in his scholarly activity is perhaps reflected by certain traditionalist attitudes in treatment of his subject.

Alfred Forke is but four years junior to Franke. He too spent a dozen years in the consular service before devoting his energies, in Berlin's Language School and later at Hamburg University, to translation of Chinese philosophy and to preparation of a monumental history of it. Lastly Erich Haenisch (born 1880), who in Berlin, in Leipzig, and now again in Berlin as successor to Franke, has made a name

through numerous studies on Mongol relations with China, began his teaching only at thirty-three.

If, however, this elder generation in Germany has, in some measure like the British, entered a trifle late upon the responsibilities of pedagogy, it must be admitted that the men enumerated have not only produced valuable publications, reflections of substantial early training, but have also formed a numerous and promising rising generation. Its members appear to guarantee the immediate future of Chinese studies in Germany. Their very number is testimony to the stimulating effect of having chairs and usually rather adequate libraries open to them in Berlin, Hamburg, Leipzig, Munich, Göttingen, Bonn and Frankfurt.

Chinese studies in the United States, as in Britain, began as a by-product of other professional interests. The first Chinese books to enter the Library of Congress were presented by Caleb Cushing, who negotiated our first treaty with China in 1844—a treaty which, by the way, for the first time made it legal for a "foreigner" to study the Chinese language. S. Wells Williams (1812-1884), who went to Canton as a missionary eleven years before Cushing's treaty was signed, did so well as an illegal student that his services were much in demand as a translator and diplomat. He retired at 65 from an active and useful career to teach at Yale, the author of an introductory work on "The Middle Kingdom," and of two Chinese dictionaries. A somewhat later donor to the Congressional Library was William W. Rockhill (1854-1914), a diplomat who twice visited Tibet and who, alone among Americans of his generation, gained sufficient acquaintance with Chinese historical texts to publish valuable monographs based upon them.

At the turn of the century two legacies for establishment of Chinese chairs were bequeathed to the University of California and Columbia University by Horace Carpentier, who had been impressed with the admirable qualities of a Chinese

servant named Dean Lung. Unhappily neither institution seems to have thought of securing the services or the counsel of Rockhill, who was peculiarly qualified as advisor. California fell into the old error of the British universities, and for a quarter century imported from the China coast respectable elderly men who had already given their best efforts to something else than scholarship. Columbia sought counsel from H. A. Giles, then recently appointed Professor of Chinese at Cambridge, but who was, as we have seen, himself a product of the same unfortunate system. Giles recommended his contemporary, Friedrich Hirth, a German who had earned a reputation for sound scholarship during twenty-seven years with the Chinese Maritime Customs Service (1870-1897). He occupied the Carpentier chair at Columbia for fifteen years (1902-1917), continuing to publish the fruit of his personal researches, and gathering a useful library in Chinese; but utterly failed to train any American successor. The University's next choice was better advised: Thomas Francis Carter, a young American who, before untimely death in 1925, published *The Invention of Printing in China* which is one of the most significant volumes to come from an American press. Since Carter's time Columbia has had the wisdom to continue to recruit professional American scholars.

In 1929 the American Council of Learned Societies, which had surveyed the whole field of humanistic studies in the United States, and had noted the glaring disparity between the importance of the study of China for our country and its then painfully meagre development here, called the first of a series of annual conferences to consider the problem. It was recognized that the prime need was for young Americans with adequate training in both language and method. Such training was seen to demand a longer period of time than most students could afford in sole reliance on personal resources.

Happily at this juncture the Harvard-Yenching Institute was established in Cambridge with generous endowment under

the will of Charles M. Hall. One of the first tasks which it set itself, on the concurrent advice of Paul Pelliot from the Collège de France and William Hung from Yenching University, Peking, was the training of young Americans. Thus a common objective was pursued by the Institute and by the American Council of Learned Societies, which fortunately has found discriminating and liberal support from the Rockefeller Foundation. American students of promise have since 1929 been able to secure increasingly more adequate preparation in the United States and sometimes in Europe as well, together with fellowship support for terms of study in China ranging from three to six years.

The Chinese collection of the Library of Congress has expanded from 1927 through 1941, under the direction of a specialist, from about 80,000 to about 200,000 stitched volumes. One of these, if translated into English, would make an octavo volume of, on the average, perhaps two hundred pages. This collection is internationally recognized as the most considerable outside the Far East and is rivalled in Japan by only one. Since outbreak of war it has been greatly strengthened by microfilm facsimiles of rare Chinese texts belonging to the National Library, which have been sent to Washington for safety.

The Chinese library which has been built up in Cambridge since 1927 by the Harvard-Yenching Institute now contains about 160,000 volumes. It is, in terms of holdings and of catalog accessibility, no doubt the strongest university collection outside of pre-war China. Comparable Chinese libraries happily exist also at Columbia University, the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, and at the University of Chicago. The University of California too possesses a considerable collection.

The Rockefeller Foundation has played a central role in building the libraries at Columbia, Princeton and Chicago, each of which may be said to contain the cream of China's great

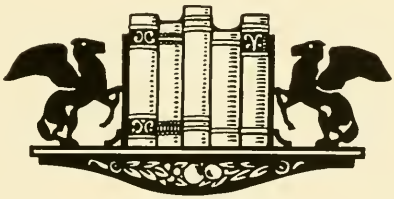
national literature. It is equally fortunate that the same Foundation recognized the acute need of scholars in other centers for at least the bare necessities of daily reference, and made available to each of several institutions, including the University of Pennsylvania, funds for limited collections.

It is doubly fortunate that the grant to this University was made just before our country was drawn into the Far Eastern conflict, at a time when international exchange rates were particularly favorable to American purchasers in China. Professor Bodde, who of necessity bore the burden of selection, happily made the most of the situation, extracting to the utmost the purchasing power of the dollars available. It is unlikely that so many books of comparable intrinsic value for scholarship could have been acquired in any other field with expenditure of equally slender funds.

The collection as it stands is remarkable for its generous inclusion of an impressive number of major reference sets in good editions, each of which extends to several hundred volumes. Quality has nowhere been sacrificed to quantity. Much remains to be added, particularly in the fields of history and Buddhism; but such additions will represent not replacement, but extension and enrichment of an integrally sound nucleus. The University may well be proud of its existing Chinese library. It owes it to itself to seize the unique opportunity which declaration of peace will probably bring to augment the scope of the collection.

Whatever of evil has emerged from the present world conflagration, one good at least may be set against it: a new and rather startled awareness on the part of multitudes of Americans of a certain fundamental similarity of outlook shared by the Chinese and ourselves. That bond may be in part expressed in terms of self restraint, moderation, practical common sense, and respect for individual human dignity. There has come too a new awareness of our national ignorance, our insularity, provincialism; and with it a desire for light, for

study of the Chinese civilization which we now increasingly see is superficially strange, but underneath so basically like our own. It is becoming clear that tomorrow will bring ever more insistent demands for those who can speak the national language of China, for those who can read her new living written tongue, and for those who possess the science to translate with precision her vast traditional literary heritage of twenty-five centuries' growth. Against such demands of the morrow it is prudent to take thought and prepare today. The Chinese Library of the University will be the indispensable instrument of scholarship.



OUR CHINESE COLLECTION

By Derk Bodde

In a brief paper which was printed in the *Library Chronicle* in 1939, I referred to the fact that in the fall of 1938 courses on the Chinese language and Chinese civilization had been established by the Graduate School of the University; and that the Rockefeller Foundation, to assist in development of our teaching and research program in this field, had made a generous grant of $4,500, to be spent within a period of three years, for the purpose of building up our collection of books on China. What I shall present this evening will form a supplement to that paper.

In 1938, when we checked our holdings of Western books on China with *A Union List of Selected Western Books on China in American Libraries* (a very valuable bibliography edited by Dr. Gardner, the speaker who preceded me, and published by the American Council of Learned Societies), we found that our Library then possessed only 165 of the 350 books there listed, and 11 of 21 periodicals. This gave us a rank of seventeenth among the seventy-six libraries of the United States and Canada which are represented in the bibliography. It is indeed a pleasure to report that we now have 310 of the 350 books and 20 of the 21 periodicals, and that we are now probably the sixth in rank, preceded only by Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Columbia, and the Library of Congress (as well, possibly, as the University of California). Moreover, other books listed in the bibliography are available in other libraries in Philadelphia, and several hundred additional books, many of which were published after the *Union List* was compiled, have been acquired either by the University or by other

libraries of the city. We therefore can offer excellent facilities for study and research in this field.

Before discussing our collection of books in the Chinese language, it may be helpful to describe briefly the evolution of the Chinese book and the nature of Chinese literature. The earliest Chinese "books" are inscriptions, laboriously incised on pieces of tortoise shell or on the flat shoulder-blades of oxen. By the application of heat, cracks were made on these bones, and divinations were performed according to the shapes assumed by these cracks. The diviner would then often, as a record of what he had done, make an inscription on the same bone, stating the subject of the divination, and sometimes its result. Inscriptions of this type belong to the Shang Dynasty, and go back to about 1400 B.C. The next stage consisted of inscriptions appearing on ritual bronze vessels, used for ancestral worship during the Chou Dynasty (1122?-256 B.C.). But the first real Chinese books were those made of narrow slips of bamboo, each having painted on it a few vertical rows of Chinese characters. Several of these slips, tied together by thongs into a bundle, would form one "book." Such bamboo books, preserved in the dry desert sands of Chinese Turkistan, have been found dating from the Han Dynasty (206 B.C.-A.D. 220).

"Books" of this sort, of course, were heavy, clumsy, and bulky. But in A.D. 105 the Chinese invention of paper revolutionized bookmaking. Texts then came to be written on long horizontal paper scrolls, which could be rolled up when not in use. The next improvement was to have these scrolls folded up into a series of accordion-like pleats, similar to our railroad timetables, which can be folded up or pulled apart, and the final stage was to stitch together one side of these timetable-like strips of paper, thus allowing the pages to be opened up on the other side. This produces the type of Chinese book now in general use; in which each page is actually a double folded page, with printing only on the outer sides of

the fold. In recent decades many books have also been printed in the standard western style, but the older native type is still common. Meanwhile, some 700 years after the invention of paper, printing was also invented in China. (The world's earliest surviving printed book is a Chinese Buddhist sutra, dated A.D. 868.) This led to a tremendous increase in the number of books in China, and one scholar estimates that before the year 1800 more books had been printed in China than in all the rest of the world.

The traditional system (still used in modern libraries) for classification of this huge bulk of literature has four main divisions: classics, history, philosophers, and belles lettres. The classics form a comparatively small group, containing such early and revered works as the sayings of Confucius, and commentaries on them. History is a huge division, including dynastic histories (a series of works giving a continuous account of Chinese history for over 3,000 years, the greatest body of historical literature in the world) as well as many other types of work, such as books on geography, political institutions, and gazetteers (detailed records of local provinces, prefectures, or cities). The term "philosophers" is really a bad translation of the Chinese term used, because this group includes not only philosophical writings, but essayists on agriculture, medicine, law, fine arts, etc. And finally, belles lettres, or creative literature proper, including both prose and poetry, forms a very large division.

With this brief idea of what Chinese literature comprises, let us turn to our Library's collection. In 1938 this consisted of one box of Chinese books, left behind by the Chinese government from the Sesqui-Centennial exposition, plus miscellaneous other volumes, mostly in very poor condition. But we now have approximately 5,223 separate titles, divided as follows: (a) about 8,100 volumes bound in Chinese style; and (b) about 4,190 volumes bound in modern western style. This makes Pennsylvania, together with the University of Washing-

ton, about seventh in size in the United States, being preceded only by the Library of Congress, Harvard, Columbia, Princeton, Chicago, and the University of California. However, we have far to go, as is shown by the fact that the Library of Congress, which has the largest Chinese collection outside of China, possesses about 200,000 volumes (bound in Chinese style). Nevertheless, we have a good basic working collection, containing most of the important fundamental works, all in modern usable cheap editions rather than early rare editions. The collection is strongest in classics, history, and philosophers. Its holdings include what is undoubtedly the world's largest encyclopedia, the *Ku Chin T'u-shu Chi-ch'eng,* or *Complete Collection of Illustrations and Writings of Ancient and Modern Times.* This work, compiled under imperial decree by a large group of Chinese scholars, was first published in 1728 in 10,000 *chüan,* or books, containing more than 800,000 pages. Our copy of the set is a facsimile reprint in 800 volumes. Another set, even larger, has recently been acquired: the *Ts'ung-shu Chi-ch'eng (Compendium of Collections of Reprints).* This consists of reprints, in uniform format, of one hundred well-known sets of earlier collectanea, dating from various periods. This has been printed in instalments, and when completed will comprise 4,000 titles in 4,000 volumes. Unfortunately only about 3,000 titles, in 3,000 volumes, had been received when Pearl Harbor forced printing of the huge work to be discontinued. Among other large sets is the *Kuo-hsüeh Chi-pen Ts'ung-shu (Basic Sinological Library),* of which we now have 175 titles. Still others were described in my earlier article.

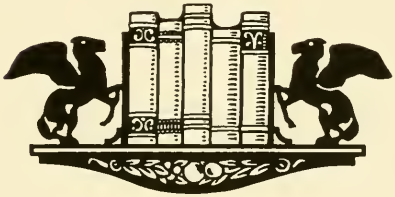
For several years nothing could be done to catalog our Chinese collection, for it is not easy to find persons who are familiar with the Chinese language and also with the principles of cataloging. In December, 1943, Mr. Wang En-pao, who holds a degree in library science from Syracuse University and was cataloger for several years in the library of the Catholic

University in Peiping, was engaged as cataloger. He hopes to be able to catalog all the books, save the formidable *Ts'ung-shu Chi-ch'eng* set, by the end of July, 1944. His work is helped by the use of printed cards of the Chinese library of the Harvard-Yenching Institute, Cambridge, of which we already have one set, and two more sets have been ordered. He is following the Harvard catalog system, based on the traditional Chinese four divisions described above.

All purchases of Chinese books were halted by Pearl Harbor, but we hope to resume buying after the war. Meanwhile, a plan has been advanced by the American Library Association, whereby eight or ten United States libraries will each contribute a certain sum of money to a common pool, from which identical sets of books will be purchased for each library in Chungking, to remain there until the end of the war makes it possible to ship them to the United States. Money has been found so that Pennsylvania can join in this scheme, which will probably be started soon. But this will consist only of current Chinese publications, and it is even more important for Pennsylvania to continue buying old Chinese books after the war, if a fair balance is to be retained between older literature and contemporary publications.

Aside from the tremendous research possibilities presented by the riches of Chinese literature, the existence of our Chinese collection, together with the institution of Chinese studies at the University in 1938, has recently demonstrated a practical value which could hardly have been anticipated a few years ago. For because this University has become a Chinese center, there are now 90 Army men making an intensive study of Chinese language, history, institutions, and culture, who have been sent here under the Army Specialized Training Program. It is to be hoped that these men, upon finishing their course of nine months, will prove valuable in military operations in the field. Incidentally, the Army has supplied about $1,000 to the University for purchase of western books on China for

these men, and these books can be expected to be turned over to our Library after the war, thus still further improving our already excellent collection of western books on China.



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SHAKESPEARE PLANTS AND GARDENS*

By E. B. Krumbhaar, M. D.

I wish at the start to deny posing as an authority either on Shakespeare or on gardens. It is merely that I succumbed to your Vice-President's persuasiveness. I have, however, always had an affection for plant life, and, with Mr. Lambert, Professor Schramm, and one or two others, have had considerable to do with the University of Pennsylvania's Shakespeare garden. And lest my quotations should lend a false air of scholarship, I hasten to add that plenty of these are found neatly classified and indexed, in such entertaining books as Esther Singleton's *The Shakespeare Garden;* E. S. Rohde's *Shakespeare's Wild Flowers: Fairy Lore, Gardens, Herbs, Gatherers of Simples and Bee Lore;* A. B. Carter's *Shakespeare Gardens;* F. G. Savage's *Shakespeare's Flora and Folk-lore;* Canon Ellacombe's *The Plant-lore and Garden Craft of Shakespeare;* and others. My meager acquaintance with Shakespeare's botanical knowledge comes entirely secondhand, I can assure you.

We all are brought up on the universality of Shakespeare's genius and this is well illustrated in his many references to plant life, flowers (English or "outlandish," as Parkinson called them), trees, shrubs, herbs, and even lowly weeds. I have counted 184 different species that Shakespeare referred to, so that there are probably well on to a thousand different mentions in his plays and poems. And this, mind you, is "in his stride," so to speak, as part of his plot or imagery, and hardly with the thought of supplying material for future

* Address given at a meeting of the Botanical Society of the State of Pennsylvania, March 4, 1944.

Shakespeare gardens, or, like a postage stamp collector, to see how many varieties he can pull out of the hat. That these plant references were chosen as suitable for the occasion on which they were used, and by no means exhausted his knowledge, is shown by the fact that some of the most obvious Elizabethan flowers, such as hyacinth, tulip, and wallflower, are not mentioned by Shakespeare.

Sprung from the yeomanry class in the pleasant county of Warwickshire, Shakespeare had twenty-two years to roam the countryside and gather firsthand knowledge of its rich variety before going to London to enter on an active career of actor and playwright; after this, chances for roaming must have been scanty. Twenty-four years later he had written his last play. No special circumstances are known that helped him to acquire his great knowledge of plant life. He was never a botanist, though some think that in his last years at Stratford he may have practiced as an apothecary before going to London.

It takes but little familiarity with his writings to make one realize his appreciation of the simple flowers of the field and woods, as in the song that closes *Love's Labour's Lost.*

> When daisies pied and violets blue,
> And lady-smocks all silver white,
> And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
> Do paint the meadows with delight,
> The cuckoo, then, on every tree,
> Mocks married men; for thus sings he, Cuckoo;
> Cuckoo, Cuckoo,—O word of fear,
> Unpleasing to a married ear!

This, by the way, illustrates some of the ramifications of this kind of study. Daisies are often mentioned by Shakespeare, sometimes referring (as in *The Rape of Lucrece*) to the small English "April daisy on the grass" (clearly *Bellis*

perennis, which we rarely find in this country); sometimes to the midsummer daisy, our field flower, *Chrysanthemum leucanthemum,* in the crazed Ophelia's "fantastic garland,"

> Crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
> That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
> But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.
> (*Hamlet* iv. 7. 170)

The "daisies pied" of my first quotation might mean either variety, though probably *Bellis perennis.* "Lady-smocks," too (*Cardamine pratensis*), has its interest. The name, like lady's slipper and many others, piously refers to Our Lady, The Virgin Mary, though the resemblance to a smock appears to be quite fanciful. The puzzling "all silver white" for a pale lilac flower seems to be best explained as the distant appearance of the meadow so richly covered that the green grass is hidden. "Cuckoo-buds of yellow hue" have given interpreters cause for thought. We have followed those who identify them with *Ranunculus repens* or *Ranunculus ficaria,* though cuckoo flowers, crowflowers, and even the lady-smock have been championed. "Cuckoo flower" seems more likely to be the weed *Lychnis flos cuculi,* as Shakespeare puts it in King Lear's crown (iv. 4. 3) with other weeds.

> Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow weeds,
> With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
> Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
> In our sustaining corn.

Some call it the "ragged robin" (fine cut, ragged-like blue petals), whereas others, including Parkinson, reserve this for Ophelia's crowflower and still others use it synonymously with "cuckoo bud" and "lady-smock." Like Our Lady, "the cuckoo" seems to have been favored with many flowers.

Fortunately, such confusion as to names is not common. Roses, to which Shakespeare refers some sixty times, more than to any other flower, must have been his special favorites. Of the thirty species known to Elizabethans, mostly outlandish, we identify in Shakespeare—the red rose of England; the white rose (from which Pliny says England got its name Albion); the musk rose—an especial favorite of Elizabethans, newly arrived in England, according to Hakluyt; the provençal or cabbage rose (so called from the hard knob of leaves in its center, *R. centifolia*); the canker or dog rose, so called as it was thought to cure the bite of a mad dog; the most fragrant damask rose, said by Hakluyt to have been introduced shortly before by the famous Dr. Linacre; the wild eglantine or sweetbriar (*R. Rubiginosa*); and the variegated rose (*R. versicolor*), which from its mottling or streaking of red and white is also called the York and Lancaster rose. (Some purists accept only the mottled variety, regarding the streaked flower as a variant of *Rosa mundi;* but in view of many other more formidable obscurities in this field, this suggests straining at the gnat.) This refers to the famous scene in the Temple-garden (*1 Henry VI,* ii. 4. 27) that precipitated the Wars of the Roses, where Richard Plantagenet is made to cry out:

> Let him that is a true-born gentleman - - -
> From off this brier pluck a white rose with me

to be answered by the young Earl of Somerset:

> Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer - - -
> Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

It is said that these roses which grew in Temple-garden in Shakespeare's time are still blooming, or at least were until

much of the Temple courts was destroyed by Hitlerites in the Blitzkrieg.

It is a temptation to spend my entire time on Shakespeare's flowers. To speak, for instance, of another of Shakespeare's favorites, one of the most plentiful of Warwickshire flowers, "the violets now that strew the green lap of the new-come spring" (*Richard II,* v. 2. 46); "violets dim, but sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes or Cytherea's breath" of Proserpina in *Winter's Tale* (iv. 4. 120); "the yellows, blues, the purple violets, and marigolds," of Marina's basket of flowers in *Pericles* (iv. 1. 15); or the music of the Duke in *Twelfth Night* (i. 1. 5) which

> Came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odour!

Note that these are all *Viola odorata,* the acme of sweetness, so that, according to Shakespeare's Earl of Salisbury:

> To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
> To throw a perfume on the violet,
> To smooth the ice, or add another hue
> Unto the rainbow - - - -
> Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
> (*King John,* iv. 2. 11)

In our Shakespeare garden we refrained from giving space to our beautiful but odorless purple violet, and the *odorata* unfortunately does not take kindly to our surroundings. By the way, I have been meaning to run down a remark of "a native of Shakespeare's country" that there are twelve varieties of English violets, of which *Viola canina* is most plentiful.

The primrose family cannot be overlooked—first, the "primrose, first-born child of Ver, merry spring-time's har-

binger" (*Two Noble Kinsmen,* i. 1. 7) which I have seen in flower in Surrey when our own countryside had not even reached the lowest depths of winter. Shakespeare follows the ancient Greeks in associating it with death, as in *Cymbeline* (iv. 2. 220)

> I'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack
> The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose.

Perdita also speaks of:

> Pale primroses,
> That die unmarried, ere they can behold
> Bright Phoebus in his strength.
> (*Winter's Tale,* iv. 4. 122)

an obscure passage, incidentally, as to the meaning of "unmarried."

The related cowslip (*primula veris*), on the other hand, was a cheerful flower associated with fairies. Ariel, in *The Tempest,* rested in a cowslip's bell, and in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (ii. 1. 15) Titania's maid of honor had to "hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear." She tells Puck (ii. 1. 10), in graceful allusion to Queen Elizabeth, of their important place in Titania's court:

> The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
> In their gold coats spots you see;
> Those be rubies, fairy favours,
> In those freckles live their savours

and again in *Henry V* (v. 2. 48) the Duke of Burgundy refers to

> The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
> The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,

the "freckling" being explained in another allusion, this time in *Cymbeline* (ii. 2. 37): "On her left breast a mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops i' the bottom of a cowslip."

Midway between the primrose and the cowslip, is the oxlip, Perdita's "bold oxlip," which is at home in both woods and fields and under hedges, too. It is a spring flower that lasts through to summer. "Oxlips in their cradles growing" (*Two Noble Kinsmen,* i. 1. 10), shows Shakespeare's firsthand familiarity with the plant, as its root leaves are shaped much like a cradle.

There are so many more flowers that I wish I could include without being tiresome: larksheels (nasturtiums), pansies (Johnny-jump-ups), wild mallow, marigold, bluebells, pinks, gillyflowers (carnations), the purple striped anemone, that sprang up where Adonis' blood was shed, aconitum (Romeo's poison), columbine; "lilies of all kinds," i.e., the *candidum,* various yellows, the *L. Conally,* or lily of the valley, the flower-de-luce (*fleur-de-lys,* anglicized), really iris (*pseudacorus*), as can plainly be seen in French armorials since Louis VII chose it for his crusade in the twelfth century; poppy, and mandragora (Iago's "drowsy syrups of the world"), and still others. But I'll content myself with two references to the daffodil (*Narcissus pseudo-Narcissus*), the asphodel of the ancient Greeks, with which their Elysian Fields were covered. First, we mention from *Winter's Tale,* Autolycus' song (iv. 3. 1):

> When daffodils begin to peer,
> With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
> Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
> For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

and then Perdita's exquisite description (iv. 4. 118)

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.

How superior to Wordsworth's celebrated

A crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze!

But flowers were but one group of Shakespeare's plants. Herbs, which have come back to sufficient favor in this country to have more than one magazine and society devoted to them, played an even more important role in Elizabethan horticulture. In addition to such familiar names as the savories and mints, parsley, thyme, marjoram, sage, sweet fennel—all occurring in Shakespeare—which are still used for their flavors in artistic cooking, many others were cherished for their supposed or actual medicinal or aesthetic value.

One of my favorite Shakespearean passages is the one in *Midsummer Night's Dream* (ii. 2. 249) about Titania's bank, which emphasizes thyme, supposedly beloved of fairies:

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight.

We fortunately have a bank in our Shakespeare garden, and we have thyme on it, but unfortunately, at its present rate of progress, many years will pass before it could tempt Titania, I fear. Hamlet's Ophelia knew her herbs and their

significance. To her brother: "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance," and to the King: "There's fennel for you, and columbines" (*Hamlet,* iv. 5. 175)—fennel to clear his sight. And again to the courtiers: "There's rue for you; and here's some for me; we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays."

Rue has a long history, dating from the time Ulysses was supposed to have used it to guard against Circe. It was thought to have many miraculous powers—against insanity, the plague, and poisons, hence its name "herb of grace," which also appears in Shakespeare's reference to it in *Richard II* (iii. 4. 105). In *Winter's Tale* (iv. 4. 74) Perdita, another herbalist, links rosemary and rue,

> For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
> Seeming and savour all the winter long:

and again (iv. 4. 103)

> Here's flowers for you:
> Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
> The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
> And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
> Of middle summer, and I think they are given
> To men of middle age.

Hot lavender involves the medical theories of that day—that the aromatic oil was used to combat "cold causes," in Hippocrates' sense of the four humors, to dry up the moisture of the cold brain, just as herbal teas were used in fevers. Camomile, about which Falstaff observes (*1 Henry IV,* ii. 4. 441) that "the more it is trodden on the faster it grows," is still a home remedy in the form of camomile tea. "Dian's bud" (worm-wood), appropriately for Tudor times, was used in Oberon's incantation for its magic powers; the poisonous powers of aconite appear in Romeo's poison; of hemlock (*Conium maculatum*) in *Henry V, Macbeth,* and *King Lear;*

of henbane (*Hebenon,* the insane root, *Hyoscyamus*), in *Hamlet.* Holy thistle (*Carduus Benedictus*) was highly prized in Shakespeare's time, as the name Holy implies. As Margaret says in *Much Ado about Nothing* (iii. 4. 75), "it is the only thing for a qualm," and even plantain, a troublesome weed to us, was accepted in Tudor England as of high medicinal value and was twice used in Shakespeare, by Romeo (i. 2. 52) and by Costard in *Love's Labour's Lost* (iii. 1. 74) to heal a broken shin. We no longer use balm (*Merry Wives of Windsor,* v. 5. 66) to rub on furniture and on bee hives, nor saffron (*crocus sativus*) "to colour the warden pies" (*Winter's Tale,* iv. 3. 48).

If we include pot herbs—vegetables to us—Shakespeare mentions a dozen or more, very briefly to be sure and sometimes, as with cabbage, in no complimentary terms. Thus we also find carrot, corn, leek, onion, pea, rhubarb, rye, lettuce, rice, barley, squash, turnip, potato, pumpkin, radish—to mention them must suffice. And so much for herbs!

Trees, of course, appear (over thirty species): good English varieties such as walnut, willow, chestnut, yew, holly, aspen, birch, and native fruit trees, but also "outlandish" trees such as date, palm, fig, pomegranate, bay tree (laurel), ebony, olive, pepper, nutmeg, orange, lemon. The mulberry has a special interest in that the specimen in Shakespeare's New Place Garden at Stratford is accepted as a scion of one originally planted there by Shakespeare himself. A few years ago Shakespeare's Birthplace Trust kindly gave us some of the offspring of this historic tree. Grapes, blackberries, currants, gooseberries, and the wild strawberry serve as representatives of the small fruits. Specimens of these for obvious reasons would not survive long in gardens open to the public.

When one considers making a Shakespeare garden, it can of course be approached in various ways. But one should at least get some idea of gardens in Tudor times. This I cannot

go into here except to touch on a few high spots. First, there seems to have been in Tudor times an upsurge of interest both in flowers and in gardens. Many new horticultural varieties were brought to England, and gardens increased in number and size. These might be either the simple cottage garden, such as Shakespeare knew at Ann Hathaway's cottage in Shottery, which the tourist now can see again in its simple beauty and as pictured in Perdita's simple beds and borders; or the formal garden, ranging from such small ones as Shakespeare's own at his New Place in Stratford up to the magnificent examples of Hampton Court, Kenilworth, and Sir Thomas More's at Burley. These might well include hedges, knots, or trayles, and geometrical designs, each according to the owner's conceit. They might appropriately have an arbor as a prominent feature (*Midsummer Night's Dream,* ii. 1. 251)

> Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
> With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine

or a bee-house or a pavilion

> Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
> Forbid the sun to enter.
>
> (*Much Ado about Nothing,* iii. 1. 8)

"Pleached alleys" or shaded walks, fountains and mazes were other favorites, perhaps less suitable for duplication today; but not so the sun-dial, which can well be the central focus of even the smallest effort.

Turning to the garden begun several years ago here at Pennsylvania, the inauguration of the Furness Memorial Shakespeare Library in 1932, and the interest of Mrs. Gates, Mrs. Penniman, and several ladies of the Garden Club, added

to the intrinsic interest of the subject, were the principal factors in its creation. Our aim was to present as many as feasible of the flowers, herbs, shrubs, trees, and even weeds mentioned by Shakespeare, in an interesting arrangement which would include an inner formal garden suggestive of Shakespeare's time—each item or group to be labelled with both common and botanical name, and with references to the places in Shakespeare's plays and poems where the item in question was mentioned. Thus it was hoped that, suitably for an educational institution, our garden with its inspiring background of a Shakespeare library, housed in Tudor architecture, might offer some educational as well as aesthetic values, and even facilitate reading in Shakespeare for those sufficiently interested. In making our garden, we have been most conscientious about only showing the varieties actually known in Shakespeare's England. Thus, many newer and showier hybrids are "out," and thus far, honeysuckle has not been included, as the English variety has not survived and our *Lonicera Japonica* does not belong! After several hundred dollars had been spent in replacing cement walks and brickbats with topsoil and peat moss under the expert supervision of Mr. Lambert, our garden's shape was planned and a simple knot garden, segregated by a hedge of true English box, was presented by a Furness relative. (Needless to say none of it has reached the proportions of the tree under which Malvolio hid.) When another friend gave us *in memoriam* an astrolabe on an original sculptured column of Ariel, our inner garden was accomplished. The background was further embellished by a most generous gift, from the Hankels and McCoy nurseries in Germantown, of a number of espaliéd fruit trees, which incidentally, like the growing ivy, helped our more tender plants to survive the reflected heat of the hot walls. A hedge—temporarily privet, to be replaced eventually by Shakespeare

yew—and the swinging gates of Tudor style give the garden its proper privacy, without repelling visitors, and help to temper the wintry blasts that sweep across the campus. Other sections are devoted to herbs, to rose beds, to exotic potted plants, and one especially for weeds.

A small endowment permits us to buy seeds and fertilizer, and, in normal times, to get labor in emergencies, though most of the upkeep is fortunately taken care of by the University's Department of Buildings and Grounds.

We have gradually learned from experience which varieties—aside from the obviously unsuitable ones—could be included in our garden, and I am glad to say that this includes most of those found in Mr. Lambert's original diagram, and a few others added later. Of course, not all are there, especially at the present time when war conditions have cut us down practically to a survival basis. Many are annuals and these, through an arrangement with the Morris Arboretum, which I hope can later be resumed, were started under glass so that they could make a show in the garden, and some even flower before the end of the University spring term. Others —tender exotics—through the help of the Botany Department are put out as soon as weather permits, the pots plunged in the ground, and taken back to the Greenhouse in early fall.

Of course we have had our difficulties, some of which were unexpected and some perhaps unsolvable. Some plants that should grow well just refuse to do so. We still await our bank covered with thyme; our heather would still fit in pots rather than cover hill-sides; our primroses, which grow steadily and sturdily in my wife's garden, seldom last more than a year. Others, when obtained with difficulty, disappear and cannot be renewed, and so on. But when one considers the many different plant-requirements of soil, light, exposure, and the tainted air and perhaps water of this big city, difficulties are only to be expected.

Finally, I must express my admiration for the international spirit of cooperation that was shown to exist in botanical circles. The free interchange of seeds and specimens that took place with Kew Gardens, with the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust, and with the Botanical Departments and Arboretums in Leningrad, Paris, Berlin, and elsewhere, cannot be too highly praised. They have given us frequent help not otherwise obtainable, and have set a standard that other arts and sciences might well try to emulate. Let us hope that it may be resumed in full when the war clouds have passed!

IMPRESSIONS OF THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE AND SHAKESPEARE'S PLANTS

By James Lambert*

My impressions of the English countryside and some Shakespeare plants date back to the time when, as a boy, my playground was centered in the rural districts surrounding the town of Sevenoaks in Kent County, about thirty miles south of London. Under this environment it was quite natural for me to develop a strong friendship with plants and animals indigenous to that region and to gain firsthand knowledge of the species and where they grew, together with their common names. My introduction to Shakespeare, I remember, was when the famous actor, Ben Greet, played Hamlet at a golden wedding celebration in Sevenoaks about the year 1896.

In southern England the countryside affords an excellent opportunity for the study of a great number of Shakespearean plants, their common names, and the succession of floral displays throughout the seasons. At the approach of spring, the first to appear in bloom was the windflower (*Anemone nemorosa*). This dwarf herbaceous perennial with its white flowers, which change to pink with age, creates a cheerful floral display throughout the wooded areas. Before the windflowers are finished blooming the many varieties of violets (*Viola odorata*) have come into bloom. These are very abundant in the woodlands and along roadsides. The sweetest scented of all the violets is a small white-flowered form invariably found along the hedgerow-banks where they are protected from the sun during the summer months. From this time on throughout the season, the landscape becomes a panorama of changing floral colors.

* Address given at a meeting of the Botanical Society of the State of Pennsylvania, March 4, 1944.

One of the greatest spring floral displays was the rich creamy-yellow flowers of the primrose (*Primula vulgaris*) that covered the woodlands and shrubby hillsides with their mass of blossoms. These flowers were gathered, and bunched as we do violets, and sold on the market. The primrose is a strictly shade-loving plant and is protected from the summer sun by the foliage of trees and shrubs. A close relative of the primrose is the cowslip (*Primula veris*), but unlike the preceding it grows in full sunlight in meadowland. Its many-flowered, pendulous umbels of yellow fragrant flowers are very abundant in spring. There was occasionally to be found a "sporting" or large flowered variety which we named the "Queen flower" and for which we searched as we do today for the four-leaf clover.

The hare bells (*Scilla nonscripta*—or *nutans*) that Shakespeare refers to and which we also knew as blue-bells, is a bulbous plant producing spikes of blue bell-shaped flowers in abundance in the wooded areas and grassy open spaces. This species has become a great favorite in our American gardens. The English daisy (*Bellis perennis*) is a small compact perennial plant very common in grasslands and particularly in lawns. It produces many semi-double pink and white ray flowers in profusion. English lawns are covered by these flowers about the time the first ducklings are hatched. The large double form sold in this country is a commercial variety of the true species. We did however grow in our English gardens a very small double form that resembles the type illustrated in some old English books. The daisy (*Chrysanthemum leucanthemum*) which we knew as the field daisy is the same species which grows in our meadows here in America.

Cuckoo buds (*Ranunculus ficaria*) is a dwarf, compact, and bulbous spring flowering buttercup. It has small bright yellow flowers and is generally found growing in semi-shaded and moist areas. Soon after flowering the foliage disappears

until the following month of March. The common buttercup (*Ranunculus bulbosus*) is a much larger species than the preceding and is the same species that grows so abundantly in our native meadowlands.

Atropa mandragora or mandrake is a perennial plant having a curiously shaped fleshy root system resembling the shape of a man's body. It was a very common plant in the deciduous woodlands and we often dug them up in search of a perfect man-shaped root.

On cultivated farm lands and especially on abandoned farms there grew a small annual plant bearing numerous small purple and yellow and white pansy-like flowers which formed a perfect ground cover in early summer. Shakespeare referred to this plant as Johnny-jump-up (*Viola tricolor*), which we also knew by the common name heart's-ease. This plant reseeds itself annually and has become a great favorite in our American rock gardens.

Acorus calamus (rushes), which we knew by the common name of sweet flag, belongs to the skunk cabbage family *Araceae*. It is an early summer flowering perennial, growing into huge masses by means of large creeping rhizomes, and inhabits wet places, but it does also succeed on dry ground in our Shakespeare garden. The foliage resembles that of the iris, but the flowers are inconspicuous. The English iris, or Shakespeare's "flower de luce" (*Iris pseudo-acorus*) is a tall growing and free-flowering yellow iris. The leaves are long, erect and sword-shaped. The seeds, which are produced in abundance, are distributed by floating on the water. It is found growing in large clumps along the banks of the river Thames near Kew Gardens. Although it is a semi-aquatic perennial it does succeed on dry land in our Shakespeare garden.

The English strawberry, *Fragaria vesca,* is a small perennial plant having white flowers which produce clusters of small

bright red fruits of good flavor. These are fairly common in partially shaded hedgerows and shrubby areas. We found the finest berries on steep roadside banks where the small English robin-red-breast builds its nest in scooped-out holes in the soil. The robin is the sacred bird of England which no one will harm.

The hare bell (*Campanula rotundifolia*) is a small low-growing perennial plant, bearing blue bell-shaped flowers on slender stems. It was quite common along roadsides and cultivated gardens. This species is a favorite rock-garden plant in America. I have seen it growing luxuriantly in poor sandy soil along the roadsides of Alberta, Canada.

Crataegus oxyacantha (the hawthorne or mayflower) is a small spreading tree which is quite common throughout the countryside in sparsely wooded areas, edge of woods, and open spaces. In spring it produces an abundance of single white flowers borne in clusters which later develop bright red fruits. The English children, on the first day of May, gather boughs of this tree for use as floral decorations for their May day festivities.

The furze or gorse (*Ulex europaeus*) is a very spiny, erect shrub bearing an abundance of clear yellow flowers. I remember it growing in exposed situations on sandy soil. It was used extensively on steep railroad banks to prevent soil erosion and trespassing. I have known the nightingale to select this shrub for its nesting place. A close relative of the furze is the broom (*Cystisus scoparius*), a slender, arching, and graceful shrub having reduced leaves and numerous pale yellow flowers. It also is found in open spaces and prefers sandy soil, and like the furze it is used to prevent soil erosion on steep banks—both in England and the state of Oregon. This plant supplies a favorite nesting place for the English linnet, a small song-bird which has been mated with the canary and which has produced an improved song-bird.

Kent, being the nut county famous for the "filbert" and "cob," naturally would have an abundance of Shakespeare's hazel-nut (*Corylus avellana*). This is a tall shrub which inhabits small wood-lots, the edges of dense woods, and hedges. The nuts are produced in clusters of two to five, and during the early stages of their development, when the calyx is large and the nuts are small, we searched for the five-clustered ones to be used for ornamental purposes.

The English ivy (*Hedera helix*) of course grew everywhere. It was used extensively in gardens as a ground cover and for covering north walls on buildings and shady places.

A very common and perhaps one of the most decorative evergreen trees is the holly (*Ilex aquifolium*), seen throughout the countryside in wooded and open areas. The holly with its rich red berries is used at Christmas festivities as it is in America, and a fruiting sprig always adorns the English Christmas plum pudding on Christmas day.

The mistletoe (*Viscum album*), which is used for the same purpose as in this country at Christmastide, grows on some of the tall trees of *Populus tremula,* which from a distance resemble a rookery or crow's nesting place. Shakespeare's hawthorne also acts as host to this parasitic plant.

On moors and commons, large areas are covered with a low, compact, evergreen pink flowering shrub known as heath or heather (*Erica vagans,* Cornish heather). This is an acid loving plant and is found growing only in peat soil. This species is the hardiest of all heathers for Philadelphia gardens. Long heath or Scotch heather (*Calluna vulgaris*) is similar to the preceding heath. It is slightly taller and less compact in growth and produces purple flowers.

The English oak (*Quercus pinus*), of which Shakespeare quotes and the Druids sang "Hearts of Oak," is of course quite common everywhere and did always produce acorns abundantly each year. The fall gathering of acorns brought

six pence a bushel and were used for hog feed which was responsible for the excellent flavored pork—and here is where Shakespeare's bean, the "Broad Windsor" (*Vicia faba*) fits in—the English pork-and-beans. This bean is an erect single-stem plant three to four feet high and bearing white with black-blotched flowers. The bean is larger and flatter than our lima bean and much stronger in flavor.

The English walnut (*Juglans regia*) is a tall spreading deciduous tree and is plentiful throughout the country and especially in gardens. During the early stages of nut development, before the hard shell is formed, some of the nuts were picked and pickled in vinegar for use in winter. Later in the season the frost would cause the nuts to fall—they were never gathered from the tree.

The chestnut (*Castanea vulgaris*) was perhaps the most common nut, found in abundance in both woods and gardens and along roadsides, where bushels of fine large nuts could be gathered easily from under the trees in the fall.

Taxus baccata, the English yew, is a small evergreen tree of decorative value and was fairly common in the wild and also cultivated areas, particularly as an ornamental specimen near schools, churches, and cemeteries. The bright red fruits, produced abundantly against the dark green foliage, were very attractive. The young specimens were compact and erect—having three or four leading branches, and lower branches spreading as the tree matured.

The countryside exhibits a wealth of color and fragrance when the many Shakespearean roses come into bloom. These may be seen rambling over fences, hedgerows, shrubbery, trailing along the ground, or as upright spreading shrubs. The Eglantine or sweet briar has fragrant leaves and was a favorite rose for the gardens, especially when planted near the windows to bring the fragrance into the home. The

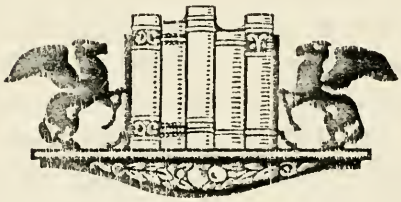
"brier" rose, "brambles" (*Rubus lasiniata* or *fruticosus*), or blackberries, were very common along roadsides, and formed large matted areas on exposed hillsides and were very difficult to penetrate when picking the fruits.

The woodbine or honeysuckle (*Lonicera periclymenum*) is a very sweet-scented rambling vine quite common everywhere. Its fragrance perfumes the whole countryside when it is in bloom. This is very similar to our American species, but differs entirely in growth from the atrocious Japanese species which now overruns and eventually kills other plants in this country.

I well remember the fields of lavender (*Lavandula vera*), grown commercially for their fragrant flowers near Sevenoaks, Kent, and also at Mitcham, Surrey. The plant is a small compact woody perennial. An English garden would be incomplete if lavender were omitted.

Bilberry or huckleberry (*Vaccinium myrtillus*) is a dwarf, woody, acid-loving plant found growing on commons and thinly-wooded areas and on some roadside banks where the soil is a sandy-peat. The fruits, which are edible, are blue-black in color and very similar to our North American dwarf species. Currants (*Ribes rubrum,* the red and *Ribes nigrum,* the black currant) are small, compact, and erect shrubs bearing small sweet-scented flowers and edible fruits. These are found growing principally in gardens and are a favorite fruit for jellies and pies. There was in cultivation a very conspicuous red-flowering species greatly valued for its early spring blossoms. The gooseberry (*Ribes grossularia*), a close relative of the preceding, is a small spiny shrub bearing small yellow inconspicuous flowers in the spring, and later produced green fruits which were greatly in demand for preserves and piemaking. This favorite English fruit has not become popular in America.

The bracken (*Pteris aquilina*) is a fern having a large expanded frond. It is quite common in thinly wooded sections, roadside shoulders, and grassy woodside banks. The plant spreads by means of long creeping underground stems (rhizomes) and thus forms large matted areas which afford cover for small game and tired, sleepy humans.



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C. Seymour Thompson — Editor

Life of Robert Montgomery Bird

Written By His Wife, Mary Mayer Bird

(First Instalment)

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Robert Mitchell

LIFE OF ROBERT MONTGOMERY BIRD

Written By His Wife, Mary Mayer Bird

Edited From Her Manuscript By C. Seymour Thompson
With Selections From Bird's Correspondence

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PREFACE

Among the papers of Robert Montgomery Bird, presented to the University of Pennsylvania many years ago by his grandson of the same name, is an unfinished biography of the dramatist, written by his wife. This has been used by Clement E. Foust in his *Life and Dramatic Works of Robert Montgomery Bird* (New York, 1919); by Arthur Hobson Quinn in his *History of the American Drama* (New York, 1923) and in the account of Bird's life and works which he contributed to the *Dictionary of American Biography;* and, in parts, by Cecil B. Williams in his edition of *Nick of the Woods* (New York, 1939). With the kind permission of Mrs. Robert Montgomery Bird, of Wynnewood, Pa., by whose husband many courtesies were shown the University in previous years, we now make this biography available to all through the medium of the *University of Pennsylvania Library Chronicle.*

The manuscript presents many problems. Mrs. Bird's work, unfortunately, was left incomplete. The connected narrative comes only to 1852, two years before Bird's death. This is supplemented by several sections, some in little more than outline and some more carefully finished, treating of various phases of his life or work. Of the earlier portion of the

biography there are two drafts, supplemented by several more or less fragmentary revisions. It seems clear that after completing her narrative to a certain point, and writing other portions in separate sections, Mrs. Bird commenced revision of the whole work, intending to complete the later portions and insert them at the proper places when she came to them.

The text as we shall print it, therefore, will necessarily be a composite of the two principal drafts and of various detached sections and fragments. In preparing this text we shall endeavor to have it conform as closely as possible with the form in which Mrs. Bird would probably have wanted it to remain, so far as this can be determined or surmised from the manuscript, and in general, therefore, we shall adopt what seems to have been the latest revision. We shall include a few passages of the first draft which were omitted from the revision, apparently only for the purpose of condensation, because the omission resulted in a loss of interesting information or of some of the quiet, simple appeal of Mrs. Bird's personality. Wherever changes or omissions were apparently made, however, with deliberate thought of improvement in style or in effect, we shall follow the revision.

A few passages in some of the fragmentary revisions or outlines seem worthy of printing, but are not adapted to inclusion in the text without radical change. Some such passages we shall print as footnotes, designated by an asterisk or other symbol. Editorial notes will be designated by numerals and will be set in brackets.

I. Boyhood

The Birds have been, for centuries, a numerous family. From the time of John of the name, first Bishop of the ancient town of Chester, Eng., appointed to that office by Henry 8th, whose tomb may yet be seen, if I mistake not, in the venerable Cathedral, the patronymic has been found, connected with all kinds and conditions of life; and, in this, as well as the parent country, bids fair to rival the Smiths, Browns, and Joneses. Dr. Bird used jokingly to say, when the subject of ancestry came up in his presence, "That for his part, he had small cause to boast, being descended from a Jail-Bird": alluding to the tradition, received as reliable by some members of the family, that its founder had been banished to Virginia, on the Restoration of Charles 2nd, for his liberal opinions, his brother having paid for them still more dearly, with his life. Whether this account is to be credited (and it is not asserted that history throws any light on the subject) or that of the Irishman, mentioned below, is immaterial; both pointing equally to the fact, agreeable to a patriotic spirit, of long residence in the land, on the part of his progenitors, as respectable and worthy citizens. The other history, undoubtedly correct in most particulars, altho' there may be an error as to the founder, is found recorded in Dr. Bird's hand-writing, the memorandum, as is evident, having been hastily made, after an interview with an aged sister of his father, long since in her grave. I copy it verbatim et literatim.

"According to Mrs. Harvey, my father's great-granddad ('It was he who was such a Goliath of strength, though old and very fat') was the founder of the family. He was an Irishman, his wife English. He bought lands five or six miles above Wilmington, on the city-road, probably as early as 1700. His son bought the 'Highlands' of Christeen, owning from the Delaware to the Christiana (Cherry Island may be)

and about the Brandywine. He built his house on the flats on the Delaware and the situation was not healthy. The hills were covered with rocks. His land was afterwards divided into several farms, and some sold; McClintock was one purchaser. Three of his sisters married—a Miller who went to S. Carolina (Orange Co.); a Twigs, N. Carolina (?) the father of Col. Twigs of Washington's army; and a Bird who went also South—perhaps to Georgia—Gen. Benjamin Bird (a Capt. under Washington)—settled at Bedford, then Fort Lyttleton, Pa. He was my grandfather's cousin, the son of his half-brother. (The Irishman having lost his first wife, married a second, in favor of whose children the old rogue disinherited his first wife's children, *one of whom was a little girl,* supported by her two brothers. These came to Pennsylvania.) The family was once very numerous and respectable, owning lands on the Delaware, the Brandywine, and above Newport. My great-granddad and wife were buried at St. John's (?) church, near Staunton. Wilmington was not then in existence. It was originally a farm owned by a Willing, who sold it out in lots; and the name was corrupted into Wilmington. The farm-house Mrs. Harvey remembered (and perhaps it may be standing yet) between Allen McLane's big house and the Market."

On one of these farms, near the Brandywine, John Bird, the father of the subject of this memoir, was born, who afterwards removing to the venerable village of New Castle, Del., became a thriving merchant and the possessor of considerable property, and continued his residence here till the close of his life. In the year 1795, he married Elizabeth, tenth child of Zachariah Van Leuvenigh, of Dutch and English extraction, and of Ann Armitage, of the old Swedish stock, both parents tracing their lineage to the early settlers on the Delaware, and finding in the old grave-yard near Wilmington records of a numerous family and extensive kindred. Mrs. Bird's grandparents, as well as her immediate predecessors, numbered many olive branches, one of whom became the wife of Thomas McKean, Governor of Pennsylvania. Another married Rob-

ert Montgomery (from whom Dr. Robert Montgomery Bird was named) and was mother to the wife of the [Spanish] Ambassador, the Marquis Casa Yrujo, distinguished for scientific attainments.[1] Of him this anecdote is told. Roberts Vaux took him one Sunday to Friends' Meeting, and, at the close, was very desirous to hear his opinion of the exercises. As it happened that "the spirit had moved" only a few very prosy old folks, the Marquis sought to evade the subject—but, being pressed, answered, "Well, there must be a chimney in every house to let out the smoke." Their only son, distinguished with a long array of titles, died lately in the Peninsula, a miserable suicide.

In New Castle, Mr. Bird lived happy and prosperous for fifteen years. Dr. Bird's mother was born in the old and still handsome house built by her father, fronting the noble river, and commanding a magnificent prospect up and down towards the Bay, before which a grassy lawn sloped to the water's edge in all its natural loveliness, unmarred by wharves and rail-road depots, which now, alas for the picturesque! disfigure the scene, and there did she pass the first year or two of married life. Subsequently she exchanged her father's house for the mansion, now in the possession of the Booth family, which Mr. Bird had purchased and made additions to. There, following four fair, healthy boys, and one beautiful little sister, Robert Montgomery first saw the light on the 5th day of February, A.D. 1806. One brother succeeded him, and completed the circle, but not before death had snatched away the common darling, little Ann. Previously to this, naught but happiness was known in the household—health

[1] [There is a mistake here. Dorcas, a sister of Ann Armitage, married Robert Montgomery, of Christiana Bridge. It was another sister, Sarah Armitage, who married Thomas McKean, the Governor, and it was her daughter Sarah who married Carlos Maria Martinez, Marqués de Casa Irujo, Spanish ambassador to the United States, who was an active participant in many controversies, in Jefferson's administration, in connection with the sale of Louisiana by France, the West Florida boundary disputes, and the Aaron Burr conspiracy. *cf. American Ancestry* (Albany, 1889), 4:86; Roberdeau Buchanan, *Life of the Hon. Thomas McKean* (Lancaster, 1890), pp. 21, 123; McMaster, *History of the People of the United States*, v. 3 *passim*.]

and prosperity dwelt in their midst. The parents, in full enjoyment of the comforts and luxuries of existence, were only too kind and indulgent to their offspring, who, in their turn, with much childish beauty and vigorous frames, generous and amiable dispositions, placable tho' (in some cases) hasty tempers, were such as most fathers and mothers might be proud of.[2]

But the Destroyer had once invaded the fireside, and again he appeared—not, as before, to bear away to a more genial clime the tender blossom, but to strike down the main pillar of the house, and with the attendant train of desolation and poverty, to dissolve the bonds that united all in one common interest and affection. By one of those unexpected reverses, unhappily so frequent (a sad story of treachery and wrong is told in this connection), Mr. Bird found himself suddenly precipitated from the height of prosperity to the brink of ruin. A hurried journey, undertaken in mid-winter, his mind harrowed by anxiety, his body suffering from slight indisposition, increased his illness to such a degree that, immediately on his return home, he was laid on that bed from which he never again rose: but a few weeks elapsed before the strong man of forty-two was released from the cares of earth, and gone to that land, where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." This melancholy event occurred in the spring of 1810. He is represented as having been kind and indulgent to wife and children, liberal, genial and hospitable, and somewhat addicted to politics (he was on

[2] [One page of the manuscript gives the following data: Elizabeth Van Leuvenigh (born August 17, 1773) and John Bird (b. 1768) were married by the Rev. Samuel Barr February 17, 1795. Their children, all of whom were born at New Castle, were John D. Bird (Jan. 4, 1796), James M. Bird (Sept. 5, 1797), Albert G. Bird (Feb. 28, 1799), Thomas J. Bird (Aug. 11, 1801, died Oct. 15, 1854), Ann Van Leuvenigh Bird (Nov. 17, 1803, died Aug. 31, 1807), Robert Montgomery Bird (Feb. 5, 1806, died Jan. 23, 1854), and Henry D. Bird (Nov. 30, 1808). John Bird died April 10, 1810. His widow and Rev. Samuel Barr were married Mar. 21, 1815. Samuel Barr died May 31, 1818. For further genealogical information, differing from Mrs. Bird's data at a few points, see Clement E. Foust, *Life and Dramatic Works of Robert Montgomery Bird*, pp. 1-7.]

the democratic side), which threw him into the society of most of the leading men of the day, and sent him to the Legislature. He is also accused of having perpetrated poetry, and of leaving behind him a manuscript book of verses.

Dr. Bird was, of course, too young to retain any recollection of his father; perhaps the only remembrance was embodied in the following lines, written in a juvenile hand in an old scrap book.

"My Father"—who died when I was 4 years old

'Twas said he perished of a broken heart,
Tired of the world, and his unhappy part.
I saw them wrap the white shroud round his face,
His icy figure in the coffin place;
Yet was I but an infant orphan boy,
That knew no loss, who had not known a joy.

When others sate in stern and veiled despair,
I climbed, unnoticed, on a neighbouring chair,
And looked with curious and with wondering eye,
On that sad picture of mortality.
Cold, fixed and placid every feature lay;
I recked not then that life had passed away,—
He seemed my father yet, though dull and chill;—
I only wondered that he lay so *still!*

I heard the dry clod on the coffin bound;
I smiled, while others shuddered at the sound.
I stood half hanging o'er the dreary pit
The coffin floored, and idly gazed at it.
Just as beneath the heavy earth-heaps laid,
The last glimpse of the coffin vanished,
I would have fallen—a strong hand drew me back,
And firmly clasped me round the fearless neck.
Ah! had they let me fall, the cold earth cover me,
My father, I had been where I have prayed to be.

Mr. Bird's death was the signal for the dissolution of the household. The widowed mother, while mourning her irreparable loss, destined, besides, to see house and land and accustomed comforts fly from her grasp, soon summoned that energy and cheerful submission which, with untiring devotion to her children, always characterized her. By the aid of friends, a post in the navy was secured for the eldest, and the two next being dispatched to Philadelphia in search of situations whereby to earn an honest living, she retired with her remaining boys to a more humble dwelling, and strove, with wise economy, to make her own slender property suffice for the maintenance of her diminished household. Monty, as he was familiarly called, then just four years old, considered more fortunate than his brothers as heir to a small legacy from the relative who had also given him his name, was soon after placed under the care, and domesticated in the family of his uncle and guardian, Nicholas Van Dyke. With this, henceforth his home, except on occasional visits to his mother, were all his early impressions connected.

To the end of his days he cherished a tender and grateful remembrance of those with whom he was there connected—the bright, gifted, early-lost cousins—the benevolent and refined uncle, well-known both at the Bar and Senate-chamber, dispensing liberal hospitality with the grace and dignity of the olden time—the kind-hearted and housewifely aunt, whose stateliness and reserve drew upon her in the village the title of Duchess—dearest of all, the fair girl of his own age, who soon became, and remained through life, as a loved sister. The striking resemblance and close companionship of the two children attracted attention and sometimes subjected Monty to annoyance; for he well remembered the mischievous youngsters of the village pulling his long curls and calling him Miss Dorcas.[3]

The peaceful days of childhood passed on, interrupted only,

[3] [A fragmentary section of the manuscript describes Bird in his early boyhood as of "fair complexion, regular features, soft glossy flaxen ringlets, and plump, healthy flesh."]

at intervals, by violent attacks of croup, recurring to an unusually late period, and often threatening his life. This failing, by occasioning a degree of seclusion probably injurious to health, fostered the love of solitude that always characterized him. It is not to be understood by this that he did not love play; for never, surely, did urchin enter with more zest into the joys of blissful boyhood: merriest of the merry was he in the happy throng, foremost in the game of ball or cricket, ready for a race or tussle or any athletic sport—or for a fight with even a much bigger boy, if necessary—yet from his earliest childhood, his greatest pleasure was to steal from all, and, stretched at length under the locust trees in his uncle's garden, give full rein to that imagination which already began to assert its supremacy. Then did he, delighted, summon before him (yet ignorant what it meant), visions of grandeur or of loveliness, of sublimity or grace or horror, as he willed, and, revelling in the glories of this new existence his teeming brain supplied, forget for hours together what was passing in this sublunary world, until the loud thunder-peal or drenching shower roused him from his reverie.

This gift, discovered and cherished in secret, became the source of his most exquisite enjoyment. Regarding it as his chief treasure, he encouraged and nurtured it with greatest care, and, by this constant training, acquired over it unlimited power. He has been often heard to declare, that no actual scenes displayed before his physical eyes were ever more distinct, more detailed, or better remembered. Possessing such complete control over this faculty, which has by some writers been termed "second sight," but which, as the essential peculiarity of the poet and the painter, it is singular we find so seldom mentioned, we cease to wonder at having from his pen such vivid descriptions of scenery, such graphic delineations, such battle-grounds, as place themselves, with the distinctness of reality, before the eyes of even the most matter-of-fact. This wizard power of conjuring up a living world before him, was retained throughout life.

Akin to the rapture born of these day-dreams was that pro-

duced by the recital of marvellous events, wild adventures, deeds of daring, or hair-breadth escapes. Seated by an "ancient" of the village, with open eyes and ears would he drink in the thrilling tales, whether of revolutionary memory, of darkness and mystery, or of ghostly fable. There was more than one still living, in a place famous for the longevity of its inhabitants, who could remember the British incursions on the Delaware, and had stores of anecdotes fitted to fill the youthful mind with sentiments of valor and patriotism. New Castle was rich in legendary pretension too; it had its haunted houses —one, in particular, a fine old mansion where could still be seen, it was averred, the mark of the "Bloody Hand," reeking with horrid crime. Sometimes the ready listener was changed to story teller—and, surrounded by a group of playmates, would he, in turn, deal out his accumulated treasures, throwing around his auditors somewhat of the charm with which he could in after years hold spell-bound a more mature assembly.

The following little incident is one of the few preserved of Dr. Bird's infancy. Being on a visit to his mother, then residing with her youngest child at the Hermitage, a farm of Mr. Van Dyke's just beyond the village, he chanced to hear her remark on the enormous price of sugar. This was during the war of 1812, when the cost of the luxuries and even necessaries of life had mounted to a pitch unknown even at the present day. Aware of her straightened circumstances, he sought his little brother (the only one at home) and counselling together, the two made a solemn compact not to taste a morsel of the beloved article while this state of things lasted. To this purpose they rigidly adhered, spite of the oft-repeated remonstrances of their tender-hearted mother.

There is no reason to believe he had been yet sent to school; no vision of stern pedagogue with birchen rod had obtruded its unwelcome presence amidst the pleasant subjects of his day-dreams; but he was now old enough to be initiated into the mysteries of hic, haec, hoc, and, accordingly, to the Classical Institution which flourished in the village for the intended benefit of big and little boys, was he introduced with his young

cousins. Here he entered upon a new and most unhappy term of existence. School-masters of the olden time are proverbial, and Dr. Bird had the misfortune to fall into the hands of one whose instincts were not of the order that can trace a difference between the mere animal whose natural violence must be forcibly repressed, and the gentle, sensitive child whom a kind word or an approving smile could win to any task. So firm was his belief, and so strong his confidence in the maxim, "Spare the rod, and spoil the child," that the former—to his mind the rod of salvation—had seldom a rest from the back of the latter. He could always bring the wisdom of Solomon in support of his system, remembering not, however, that tho' the wise man says, "He that spareth his rod, hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes" (evidently not meaning all the time), he also says "to punish the just is not good," and "a reproof entereth more into a wise man than an hundred stripes into a fool." Although a man of considerable learning and unquestioned piety, and very likely of original good-feeling, so confirmed was he in his opinions, and in their practical application, that, under his rule, flogging was the order of the day, taking precedence of all other exercises. The youngest of the flock, most needing wholesome discipline, and least capable of resistance, came in, of course, for an undue share. Soon was the quiet, bashful boy singled out as a fit subject, and scarcely a day passed that his hands or his back did not testify to his unmerited sufferings as well as his master's vigour. No doubt it was with wonder and indignation that he of the rod looked in vain for the expected reward of his labours; and when he found dislike and hatred of learning taking the place of gentleness and docility, discovered additional ground for his convictions as to the perverseness of human nature. Where he had expected fruit, he saw thorns and thistles, and still could not recognize the fact that classic lore, associated with smarting palms, swelled knuckles, and bleeding backs, is the least attractive of all things to the pleasure-loving boy.

But the moral effect was still worse. Could the master have

looked deeper, and seen the mingled fear and resentment, the hate and thirst for vengeance that were kindling in the young heart that had known before but love and good-will; could he have seen that docile and amiable child, excited by his cruelties to such a degree that, on bended knee, he took a solemn oath to kill his persecutor as soon as he was old and strong enough to do so;* he might have paused in this career of injustice and barbarity, and wavered as to the correctness of the system that could thus, even for a moment, change the innocent child into a revengeful demon. We can easily believe that when, a few years later, he heard from his pupil's lips this tale, and was asked how, as a Christian man, he could reconcile his behavior to his conscience, he must have shuddered at the horrible effect of his tyrannical measures. Although Dr. Bird soon lost all animosity against the man, he never, in the course of his life, could reconcile himself to the system, and never reverted but with horror to the protracted anguish of mind and body endured during this reign of terror. Among the reminiscences of early days, this early trouble stood out dark and prominent, and gave occasion to the detailed narrative of school-boy life in "Robin Day," drawn, without exaggeration, from his own experience. After patient and uncomplaining endurance for a considerable period (the little fellows were too honorable to tell tales out of school), this purgatory was ended by the lucky accident of his uncle's unexpected entrance into the apartment, where, after an uncommonly severe drubbing, a sympathising cousin was bathing his swollen and bleeding back. The extraordinary spectacle demanded an explanation, which procured for the poor victims a speedy release from this merciless tyrant.

In the season of comparative idleness that followed, the village library[4] contributed more agreeably to the moulding of the boy's mind. Every shelf was ransacked, and volume after

* Some may be inclined to smile at this impotent exhibition of baby wrath, deeming it but the violent outbreak of a passionate child; but, on the contrary, the concurrent testimony of those who knew him best proves him to have been unusually gentle and tractable, enduring ordinary ills with great good-nature; tho' roused, even then, as at subsequent periods of life, by repeated injustice or outrage, to an intensity of feeling few can comprehend or appreciate.

volume called in requisition, and, especially those of history, travels, biography and romance, devoured with eagerness. He now also began to feel the stirrings of that Muse that was hereafter to be his mistress, and prompted by her inspirations, conceived and executed quite a long poem, which he carefully concealed in what he thought a secure hiding-place. Imagine his consternation when, one unlucky day, this treasure fell into the rummaging hands of a mischievous cousin, who, dragging it from its retreat, hastily assembled the youthful members of the family, and, with a triumphant flourish, read it aloud. Notwithstanding the thunders of applause showered upon him by his companions, who, from that day, set him down as a genius, he was heartily ashamed and mortified, and for years desisted from further attempts at originality, consigning ruthlessly to the flames this first product of his muse. Many a time since has he laughed over this juvenile perpetration, not having the slightest recollection what it was about—only something very grand—an epic probably—while he rejoiced at the discovery that had the salutary effect of crushing his infant aspirations.[5]

After this, when about twelve years old, he turned his attention to music, which he cultivated diligently with the slight aid of the singing class and an old book of rudiments; and to drawing, without any help but the beautiful face of nature always smiling upon her true votaries. While he could make but little

[4][The New Castle Library Company, organized in 1812. A catalogue of this library was printed in 1819, about the time when Bird was "ransacking" the shelves. It then contained more than 1600 volumes—very few of which would be read by a twelve-year-old child today. A copy of the catalogue is preserved in the Wilmington Institute Free Library. See Note, page 92.]

[5][Nevertheless, they were soon revived. In a fragmentary outline of Bird's life Mrs. Bird wrote: "He had amused himself from early childhood in writing verses, but these he destroyed. There are manuscripts, dated 1825, and some perhaps earlier." She mentioned also "some poems, printed for private distribution, corrected by his hand, and superscribed, 'written at the age of 17,' which are probably by him, but I do not know certainly."

Among the manuscripts of 1825 or earlier are probably twelve poems, copied in Mrs. Bird's handwriting, fastened together in paper cover, with the caption "Juvenile Poems."]

headway under such circumstances, he formed habits of neatness and perseverance that clung to him through life. Destitute of the means of purchasing as much music as he wanted, or from the love of it, when about fifteen he copied very carefully an immense amount of songs, psalm and hymn tunes, marches, variations and other compositions. Volumes of these, still existing in a childish hand, with date and signature attached, attest his unwearied patience and ardent enthusiasm. I have often heard him speak of the meetings with three or four other musical friends in New Castle for practising. He was considered by the villagers as a great genius with the flute. As for the drawings, they generally shared the fate of their more pretending sister, the poem; but the time was not lost that brought him into closer companionship with nature in her varying aspects.

Possessing abundant leisure and the unbounded license that, from time immemorial, seems to have blessed (?)* the youthful generation of that very pleasant "Sleepy Hollow," as it has sometimes most irreverently been called, he now roamed at will, and made himself familiar with every inch of ground within a large circuit. At times with gun on shoulder and dog at heels, he tramped all day through swamps and thickets, gaining an unconscionable appetite while he filled his bag with the means to satisfy it; or strolling on the pebbly shore, watched the snowy fleet that enlivened the glorious water prospect, or hunted for coins and other relics# among the ruins of the old Dutch houses which the encroachments of the Delaware had not then utterly washed away. Now turning out before dawn to seek the finest mushrooms, or to look into the trap laid for the unwary rabbit, or the holes where winter stores of

* If they learned their catechism, and attended church regularly every Sunday from earliest infancy, they were considered safe. It must however be said that few ever left it without reflecting honour on their native place, and that some of our most respected and enterprising citizens hail from Delaware.

In Dr. Bird's boyhood, traces of the old *Dutch* town, "New Amstel," existed along the shore, below the bluff (at the north end of the present village) on which is the old grave-yard, called commonly "Horses' Heaven." The yellow bricks and tiles, imported from Holland, were quite abundant, and coins were frequently picked or dug up.

apples were buried—then wading through marshes to pluck the fragrant magnolia or graceful goats-beard, or gorgeous crown of tiger lilies—or, from the skirts of the wood, refreshing himself with the delicious raspberry or tasteless papaw—through all his rambles he carried the love and close observation of nature, purifying and heightening every enjoyment. There was not a hillock or a glen, not a swamp or grove or tree standing in solitary majesty, that he did not know by heart. Now, the scene is changed in many respects. The hand of cultivation and improvement has been busy; and, during his sojourn in the old place many years after, Dr. Bird looked in vain for the glorious old sycamores and oaks and liquid ambers which formerly dotted the landscape, for the noble woods in whose cool shade he had so often wandered, for the tall overgrown hedges that made the roadside so pleasant—most of them vanished under the merciless axe or dwarfed by the pruning knife—and deplored the bad taste that had despoiled the land (from its flatness especially requiring such accessories) of the adornments Heaven had bountifully provided.

The village too then boasted attractions in its avenues of fine old trees which shaded the dwellings or lanes, many of which have followed their fellows of the field; for unfortunately a sort of crazy epidemic seizing at one time the elders who were drawing near the close of their pilgrimage (perhaps with the idea of weaning their affections from earthly objects), they remorselessly destroyed at a blow what a life time cannot repair. To their credit be it spoken, the children have endeavoured in a measure to repair the damage so causelessly done by the sires; and some parts hold forth a promise of the shade and verdure which so refresh the eye in the lovely villages of New England, and it is devoutly to be wished such "improvements" may be more generally carried out; for when a wise forethought or a little public spirit has raised handsome and commodious dwellings in the midst of breezy groves and shady lanes near that charming beach, then will New Castle be found a more attractive as well as more healthful retreat than even the beautiful villages that spring up, as by magic, on the more

northern banks of our noble river. No efforts of man can, happily, spoil the lovely cove, which, opening beyond the island into the bay, presents a sight that none can gaze on without admiration: so that, at sunset, or on a calm summer eve when the moon throws its long glittering streak over the waters, even the rudest will be lured from boisterous and less innocent resorts to sit for hours on the stones in quiet enjoyment of the glorious prospect and invigorating breeze.

The bathing ground was always a great attraction. Gratefully as are its benefits appreciated at this day, the boys of thirty or forty years ago were the ones to avail themselves of its advantages. From all accounts they lived as much in the water as South Sea Islanders. Many a hair-breadth 'scape was there. Sometimes a boy was borne miles from home on a drifting ice-berg, leaping in desperation from block to block till at last he made the shore, just as he had given up all hope. Such an adventure befel Dr. Bird and a companion, who were carried almost to Wilmington, and nearly frightened out of their wits as well as frozen to death. Occasionally it happened that, spite of their expertness in swimming, a case of drowning would throw gloom over the merry throng; as when two fine little fellows, the only children of their mother, and she a poor widow, were suddenly missed, and the alarm given that they were drowned. The general panic—the search for their bodies—the sight of them thrown up by the waves—the heart-rending cries of the bereaved mother, as the little stiff corpses, covered with a cloth, were borne silently through the streets—the last sad rites when they were deposited in their final resting place; all made an impression never to be effaced from the youthful heart.

Dr. Bird loved to recall the memories of early days, especially of any odd adventures that befel him. Once, tumbling head foremost on the glassy surface of a frozen pond, his half-cracked skull impressed a star of such beauty and regularity as set him half wild with delight, spite of the heavy pain. Another time, perched near the top of a lofty cherry-tree, he was, in fancied security, whistling Paddy Carey: suddenly the

strain was cut short by a tremendous fall, which, however, fortunately ended by lodging him unhurt in the protecting branches of a lower limb, that most conveniently forked out just where it was wanted; instinctively he took up the tune at the very bar thus rudely interrupted, and went through the rest of it amid the shouts of laughter that convulsed his comrades, a moment before beside themselves with fright. These and a thousand other associations endeared to him his native place; and, although voluntarily relinquishing it in the commencement of his career for a more busy sphere, he sought afterwards and found in its seclusion the rest imperatively demanded by an overtasked brain, and frequently expressed the wish to spend in its vicinity his declining years.

When about fourteen or fifteen years of age he first left the place for a considerable period. His mother, who, meanwhile, had remarried and again become a widow, was then resident in Philadelphia with one of her older sons. Natural fears as to the result of such protracted holidays induced her to present the matter seriously to his guardian's attention. He was accordingly sent to the city, domesticated with his mother and brothers, and enrolled among the pupils of a neighbouring school. What profit ensued from this change may be judged of by the fact that, though keeping a good standing there, he never troubled his lessons but at breakfast, when, his book by his plate, he swallowed the mental and bodily food at the same time, and, it is to be hoped, with equal relish. Far different was it with the drawing-school to which he attached himself. There his ardour soon won the heart of the kind teacher, who, inviting him and other favorites to spend Saturday afternoons with him, entertained them with tales and anecdotes, of which he had an endless store, and allowed them to rummage at pleasure among the curiosities of sea and land that filled his closet. On one of these occasions, and a very bitter day, the young pupil arrived towards dusk with his feet perfectly numb and frost-bitten; the old gentleman insisted upon his pulling off shoes and stockings, and running barefoot through the snow a mile and back; which feat, performed at the top of his speed,

had the happy effect of curing the afflicted members.

These little acts of kindness were not the only reason why Dr. Bird, so often in after years, spoke of "Jemmy Coxe" with gratitude and affection. The boy's manifest determination to study art, to gain rapidity as well as accuracy in sketching from nature—not to secure a few pretty pictures, wherewith, as cheap ornaments, to deck a parlour—forced the artist to depart from the usual method of instruction. Evincing the greatest zeal and interest, he gave every facility to his pupil, whose improvement now became almost commensurate with his wishes.

Unforeseen circumstances, however, shortened his stay in Philadelphia. Once more at home, and fifteen years old, he first now awakens to the necessity of preparing himself seriously for the duties of life. In consequence of the almost perpetual absence at Washington, and the frequent severe illnesses, of his guardian, he had been left pretty much to his own devices. He was not slow in forming his resolution. Greatly to the amazement of his friends, he determined to take private lessons of his old tyrant, who was a good classical scholar, and, by diligent application, fit himself for a collegiate course. Accordingly waiting upon this quondam enemy, he detailed the history of his infant resentment and vows of vengeance, in the hope of benefitting future pupils, and ended by requesting his guidance in the studies he contemplated. After this explanation, every thing went on admirably; under his now kind and faithful instruction the quick and studious boy made rapid progress, and soon caught up to his master's knowledge.

About this period that curse of our country, fever and ague, was committing its ravages through the length and breadth of the land, and the banks of the Delaware were not exempt from its inflictions. Among many companions in misery, Dr. Bird had his full share of suffering from this source, and was reduced, by repeated attacks, to a deplorable state of lankness and debility. The hope of repairing his constitution, by change to a locality always celebrated for its healthfulness, was one of the motives that led him to select Germantown for the further

prosecution of his studies. Strongly urged by his friends to enter Yale or Harvard, which had been his original intention, he was deterred by reasons creditable to his good sense and high moral principle. Too often had he witnessed the unhappy change in those who, growing up in the same untrammeled freedom as himself, had, yet pure and innocent, left their father's hearth-stones for those justly esteemed seats of learning, to return with habits that, while they laid their victims in an untimely grave, blasted the fond hopes of parents and broke their hearts. This, occurring more than once among the most brilliant and gifted of the village, fitted by birth, abilities and many endearing qualities to adorn any position, made him pause and ask the question whether *he* could withstand the temptations that had caused their downfal. Wisely determining to avoid the danger, he consulted his uncle in regard to the Academy at Germantown which then, under the superintendence of Walter R. Johnson, enjoyed a high reputation. With Mr. Van Dyke's approbation, he was soon installed therein, and his guardian was sò well pleased with the Institution that he placed his own son there.[6] Dr. Bird never regretted this step, deliberately taken; satisfied that, in his case at least, close subsequent application in the retirement of the closet was not only more congenial to his tastes, but more than compensated for want of the eclat attending a graduate of those classic halls.

His advancement here was rapid and striking; he soon ranked with the most distinguished; and, though still persecuted by his old foe which followed him even to this abode of health, it is believed he never missed a recitation or proved deficient in his appointed tasks. Several most violent fits of

[6] [To William H. Wells, of Sussex, Del., Van Dyke wrote: "Should you or any of your Friends be looking out for an academy to place boys with a good prospect of improvement the annexed Circular may serve to direct attention to Germantown Academy where I have a son and nephew, with whose progress I am well pleased."

An interesting letter from Van Dyke to Bird's brother, James Madison Bird, outlining his wishes as to "Montgomery's" education and religious and moral training, is in Foust's *Life and Dramatic Works of Robert Montgomery Bird*, pp. 17-18.]

ague beset him here. During the paroxysms of fever, he lay, in the solitude of his chamber, hour after hour of the evening, perfectly helpless, perhaps delirious, while the debilitating and soul-depressing sweat exuded from every pore, soaked through his bed clothes, and effectually banished sleep. Rising pale and haggard, after hanging out of the window his bed and bed-clothes to dry, swallowing his dose of bark, and revising his lessons, he thrust the key of his carefully locked door into his pocket, and was ready to greet his school-mates with a joke, and his teachers with duly prepared exercises. Thus effectually concealing from all the knowledge of his ailments, he escaped the sympathy he dreaded: an instance of the remarkable reserve and delicacy in regard to strictly personal matters, that always characterized him. When well enough, however, he did not debar himself of the usual recreations. His uncle's name gave him access to the best society, of which privilege he frequently availed himself, while the romantic Wissahickon invited him to rambles with such an array of charms as he had not yet encountered. Often did he resort to those lovely banks, and more than once, it is likely, in the company of the fair and witty daughters of Germantown.

With a flattering Testimonial as to conduct and acquirements from the principal,[7] on the expiration of his course, he left the Institution in August, 1824, and, after a flying visit home, entered himself immediately at the office of Dr. Parrish,[8] in Philadelphia, as a student of Medicine. This choice of a profession was made, not from any special affection for the healing art, but from the necessity he felt of adopting some vocation, and settling the question that sorely agitated his friends; some of whom desired one thing, some another. His uncle, whom severe suffering and domestic calamity pre-

[7] [This is printed in Foust, *op. cit.*, pp. 22-23. "His general deportment," it says, "has been correct and exemplary, his habits of study unexceptionable and he this day leaves the institution with a distinguished literary rank among his fellow-students." His studies had included works of Horace and Cicero; the Iliad and Græca Minora; algebra and geometry; "Elements of Logick; Stewarts Philosophy of Mind; Elements of Chemistry; English Composition in prose and verse and translations into Greek and Latin Languages."]

cluded from the exercise of the influence and interest that would have assisted so materially the judgment of the youth whose ambitious aspirations took yet no certain direction, mildly hinted at law, but did not enforce the suggestion with arguments strong enough to overcome the natural repugnance or prejudices of his nephew—while the old ladies had set their hearts on his studying divinity, convinced that he would make "a most moving preacher," and were sadly disconcerted on his declining "because he was not good enough." A very strong inclination almost made a painter of him; and there is no doubt his great talents would have raised him to eminence in that noble art, as indeed in any occupation to which he might have chosen to devote his high faculties and unwearied perseverance.

The foregoing details are the result of conversations, anecdotes and remarks incidentally dropped by Dr. Bird (more particularly during our residence in New Castle, where the events of happy childhood recurred most forcibly to his mind), by his mother and other members of the family, now in their graves, during the familiar intercourse of years, corroborated by the statements of living relatives and associates. In the commencement of the following chapter, we find the young student in his new position. The account of his entrance on a more active sphere, and the impressions he produced, are drawn chiefly from the lips of the friend there introduced, confirmed by the statements of other companions of the time.

[Dr. Joseph Parrish, who acquired such reputation "as a practitioner and clinical lecturer" that "he was seldom without one or more students even from the commencement of his practice," and sometimes had as many as thirty. Most of them, like Bird, were resident in or near Philadelphia, but some came from distant points. See George B. Wood, *A Memoir of the Life and Character of the Late Joseph Parrish, M.D.*, Philadelphia, 1840, pp. 26-28, where there is an interesting account of this system of preparing men for the practice of Medicine.]

LIFE OF ROBERT MONTGOMERY BIRD

Written By His Wife, Mary Mayer Bird

Edited From Her Manuscript By C. Seymour Thompson
With Selections From Bird's Correspondence

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Robert Montgomery Bird
Age 21
Drawn by Himself

II. Study of Medicine

It was on a sultry day towards the close of August, 1824, that a young Kentucky Doctor,[9] who had come, some months previously to Philadelphia, to seek his fortune, took up his quarters in a boarding-house, well known for its home-like comforts, opposite the State House Yard. Retiring after supper to his chamber, he was beginning to solace his loneliness with the converse of his never-failing friend, the flute, when his attention was arrested by the faint perception of similar sounds floating over the air from the recesses of a distant apartment. Enchanted at the supposed proximity to a kindred spirit, he listened breathless, and soon distinguished the melancholy strains of one of his own favorite airs played with great expression. The music ceased: instinctively he seized his own instrument, repeating the melody which had transported him, with the same effect upon the unknown performer as his notes had inspired. Thus led by a secret sympathy these two enthusiasts kept up their curious intercourse for hours, each retiring with the firm conviction that he had gained a friend. In the morning, to eager inquiries of their landlady succeeded mutual desires for an introduction, and the Delaware student, who had arrived the week before, was brought into companionship with this ardent and talented son of the West. A few evenings passed together—music their theme and occupation—strengthened their preconceived opinions, and resulted, for the sake of mutual help and practice, in their becoming room-mates. Devoting their leisure hours to this object, they both made rapid progress; the elder, with more experience and opportunity, imparted of his knowledge to his friend; while *his* originality and expression threw a zest

[9] [Dr. J. Roberts Black. It was from him, when he called on her shortly after Bird's death, that Mrs. Bird received the story of this flute-playing evening.]

and novelty into their exercises.

Quoting Dr. Black, it appears that the young student was tall and slender, very fair and youthful looking, of regular features and remarkably prepossessing countenance. The ladies took him greatly into favour, fancying a strong resemblance to Lord Byron, then much the fashion: which, however much it flattered, rather disconcerted the youth, who was a warm admirer of the splendid genius, but not of the character nor of all the productions of the gifted poet. Painfully diffident and reserved, he frequently made efforts, from keen consciousness of this infirmity, to appear the opposite, and, doubtless, often produced that effect. With friends he was exceedingly gay and lively: his beaming smile, joyous laugh and ready wit, diffusing fun and good-humour wherever he appeared.

Having for his object the study of medicine, he did not allow the charms of society or music—however much enjoyed—to draw him off from more serious pursuits. Endowed with rare facility in the acquisition of languages, he not only prosecuted his classical studies—latin especially, in which he was well skilled, speaking and writing it fluently—but added thereto french and spanish—while, actuated by sincerest love of science and the enthusiasm of an ardent nature, he neglected no means, ordinary or extraordinary, of advancing his progress in the path he had chosen. Since the moment of the first awakening from the indolence and indifference of early years, dissatisfied with partial knowledge, he was addicted to habits of research and thorough investigation, and, from the very outset, practically acknowledged the merits of patient industry. On that principle he acted through life, having no faith in talent or genius without careful cultivation. As appears in one of his note-books: "Genius—uncultivated—like a lyre played upon by the winds (natural impulses). It pours out many delightful sounds; yet how inferior in variety and grandeur to those drawn by the hands of a master." And again: "Talent—cultivated, and uncultivated. The one is like tinfoil (or the amalgam) placed *behind* a glass, which makes a good mirror; the other like the same substance laid on or

before it, where, let it shine never so much, it is quite useless." And, in his definition of Philosophy, he says: "Philosophy may be properly defined the *study* (or knowledge) of CAUSE *and* EFFECT. The word *study* is preferable to *knowledge;* for though a philosopher studies all things, there are but few he can know." Not content with the prescribed course, in his zeal he hauled down from topmost shelves of Dr. Parrish's library the old greek and latin authors, long consigned to dust and cobwebs.

At the Doctor's suggestion, he also entered, for practical instruction in Pharmacy, a druggist's shop, where—as he found to his cost—he wasted a considerable sum of money and more valuable time, in compounding drugs, better suited to a shop-boy's calling. Of all the branches, Chemistry was, undoubtedly, the favorite; its wonderful disclosures opened to him a new world, and excited an interest that continued vivid and unabated to the end of life.

In these days when medical students may be reckoned in Philadelphia rather by thousands than hundreds, and daily may be seen, throughout the season, dense, black masses, streaming from the college halls and filling the streets in their neighbourhood with quiet and orderly crowds, among whom rows and disorders are seldom heard of, it is difficult to realize the state of things that existed thirty years ago. Then, there was no end to the scrapes and entanglements into which the aspirants after medical honors were continually plunging. Fights and duels, wild pranks innumerable, and frolics not always innocent or creditable, had rendered the term "Virginia Student"—applied pretty generally to each and all, no matter where they hailed from—a bugbear to frighten children, a reproach, a word suggestive of reckless folly, mad mischief or tumultuous disturbance. He was a sort of outlaw, or Ishmaelite. On more than one occasion Dr. Bird's successful mediation had averted duels and gained him a reputation with that order of chivalry most prone to brag of courage, and readiest to run from actual danger: with whom to send a challenge was a proof of proper spirit—to fight—that was a quite

different affair.

Once, however, he met with quite a serious adventure. A weak brother-student, with claims upon him as a Delawarian, was one day violently assailed for some or no cause by a large number of Southrons of the class. Dr. Bird flew to the rescue, and mounting on the window-seat or bannister, denounced, in no measured terms, their brutality and cowardice in attacking an inoffensive, unarmed and terror-stricken fellow-creature. The rage and fury, diverted from their first object, turned with frightful vehemence against himself, and for some moments he was in imminent peril. With difficulty breaking through the angry mob, whose weapons were flashing around him, he reached his lodgings; whence immediately dispatching notes to the ringleaders, he offered to fight them all, one after the other—to the infinite delight of a certain warlike acquaintance, who was quite urgent with the proffer of a magnificent pair of newly purchased pistols. Of course he had no need of them, nor further trouble from these doughty knights, who, ever after, held him in distinguished consideration.

As was the case invariably in later years, so in this early period of life, Dr. Bird was always provided with pencil and paper, wherewith to make a note or sketch of any thing that struck his fancy. Whether the habit originated from the necessities of the medical course, or was of previous contraction, it was clung to pertinaciously and cherished through all times and situations. With these aids he could in a few minutes jot down lines enough, with his retentive memory, to finish, if he wished, a more leisurely drawing. The banks of the Schuylkill and the Wissahickon afforded never failing incentives to this practice, and, lagging behind his comrades now and then on these rambles, his absence would be accounted for by the accurate portrayal of what they had been admiring some ten minutes before. If he went down the Delaware, the back of a letter or other scrap served as recipients of lines and tracings that plainly told their own story. Sometimes it was a remarkable sunset—or an aurora borealis with date and place attached—sometimes the well-known features of a pro-

fessor, or of some Indian chiefs on a visit to our sea-board towns, or perhaps of a friend or fellow-boarder. To accustom himself to great rapidity, he used to make sketches of passers-by, and some laughable objects and extraordinary costumes were thus obtained. These off-hand sketches he seldom thought of finishing with any care, but made them serve the ignoble purpose of kindling his fires; a few, rescued by a friendly hand from the wholesale destruction, indicate what sort of a painter he might have made. In the portraits the distinguishing peculiarities are marked with a force and skill that carry the conviction of unquestioned resemblance. The same habits of observation are shown in memoranda as to the progress of vegetation—the budding of trees and blossoming of wild flowers, the springing of the tender grass—first song of the blue-bird, or almost equally musical note of young frogs, harbinger of spring.

There were, of course, the relaxations of his summer holidays, when he also indulged himself with his old humor for versifying. A poem is said to have been printed at the age of seventeen, and Dr. Black had seen verses in a newspaper when he was about twenty, that, upon close questioning, he acknowledged to be his. By comparison of the manuscripts that remain, with letters, it seems probable some of the pieces published afterwards in Snowden's *Philadelphia Monthly Magazine* were written at this early date. A volume of poetry, besides, probably, scattered pieces, was written in the warm months of 1825. Manuscripts in a still more youthful hand, both in prose and verse, show that he had never long debarred himself from this great pleasure, and that much was written in the two following years there can be little doubt, though few papers remain to attest the fact.[10]

Of the only two letters of that period at hand, a passage or two may be selected, without claiming for them any especial

[10] [In a separate section of her manuscript Mrs. Bird wrote: "Dr. Bird burnt a great deal at that time. One day after he graduated and took an office, Dr. Black entered his room, and saw a great pile of manuscripts, sketches, &c. in the corner that he had put there to burn. Dr. Black rescued some of them, but his friend burnt up the rest. This he did repeatedly."]

merit. The first is to his mother. After expressions of warm affection and desire to hear often from her, he refers to the death of a near connexion thus: "Although not her blood relation, I revered her for what I had seen of her steadfast piety, her quiet affection, and her uncomplaining endurance of sickness and suffering. She has gone down to the grave, like a fair scion, from whose delicate roots the winter shower and torrent have been long wearing the scanty earth. May God's blessing rest upon all her friends, as it has rested already, and is resting this moment, upon her."[11] In the other, he urges upon his young brother the advantage and necessity of unremitting application in view of an impending examination of vital importance, concluding thus: "You have now probably two or three weeks before you—if it were my last and my dying injunction, I would say, spend them in preparation—in revising and perfecting."[12]

Accomplished as he was in the manly and healthy practices of boxing, fencing and shooting, Dr. Bird's favorite exercise was walking. Horseback or driving he never liked, "because they required more attention than they were worth as recreations; but, in walking, if there were nothing to look at, he could indulge in a brown study without fear of breaking his neck." When jaded and worn out by incessant application, he invariably found that a day spent among the rocks of the Brandywine, or on its battle-ground, or a-gunning among his old New Castle haunts, would send him back refreshed and renovated in mind and body. His general health was good; with the exception of severe attacks of quinsey, from which he suffered excruciating torments, unable, for days, to speak or swallow. On one of these occasions Dr. Parrish became so

[11] [This was written March 12, 1825, with reference to a cousin Fidelia.]

[12] [To Henry D. Bird, May 18, 1825. The first paragraph of this letter illustrates Bird's style in informal correspondence: "I confess that my memory gets me, sometimes mischievously enough, into hobbles of no laughable character; and having memory enough to recollect that, is what induces me to write the present letter, being in some doubt whether you answered my last or not. If you did, I have forgotten what it contained; if I saw it, I have forgotten where I put it; and amid the multiplicity of my forgettings, it is not a little wonderful that I do not forget to answer it."]

alarmed as to call in the aid of Dr. [Philip Syng] Physick, but without immediate benefit. He obtained no relief till the breaking of the ulcer. When about twenty he experienced an illness that, in violence and rapidity, resembled Asiatic Cholera, and brought him to death's door. The anguish of a night completely altered his appearance, chasing away the boyish look, and leaving its traces for months. The timely and vigorous applications of his friend Dr. Black are said to have saved his life. Five or six years later, he was seized in a similar and still more cruel manner in New York.

On an excursion into the interior in 1826, he was first introduced to the majestic mountain scenery of Pennsylvania. Spending some days with a small party in the vicinity of the Delaware Water Gap—climbing its steep heights—roaming among its lakes and waterfalls—camping out with fires at night to keep off the wolves, and the guides telling strange stories to while away the hours after supper—supper the most delicious because procured by their own guns and cooked by their own hands—he was roused to such emotions of rapture as caused him through life to regard that enchanting spot as altogether the loveliest that ever blessed his vision. From its neighbourhood he wrote to Dr. Black such a graphic and entertaining account as filled him with convulsions of delight. In this mood the enthusiastic friend traversed half the town, showing his letter to numbers of his own and Dr. Bird's acquaintances, who, one and all, joined in his opinion "that it was unique—a most wonderful, extraordinary composition." The mere recollection and narration of this circumstance nearly thirty years afterwards revived in this friend the enthusiasm of the first perusal. The following year Dr. Bird revisited that locality, and subsequently laid in it the scene of "The Hawks of Hawk Hollow." On one of these trips he fell in with a number of artists, Birch[13] among the rest, who were filling their portfolios from the abundant material around

[13] [Thomas Birch, landscape and marine painter (1779-1851), who, according to William Dunlap, studied his art "on the banks of the Schuylkill." See *Dictionary of American Biography*.]

them. Amusing themselves with examinations and good-natured critiques of each other's performances, the praise of greatest accuracy was awarded, and the term "portrait" applied to those of the amateur. Indeed some of his best sketches were begged and carried off.

Some of the friendships formed at this early period were life-long, and it is rather remarkable that, although he was "cut off in the midst of his years," the objects of them, in nearly all cases, finished their earthly career before his summer came. As associates in the Academy of Natural Sciences, of which he became a member at the age of twenty, he was intimate with its distinguished ornaments, Drs. Harlan and Samuel Morton,[14] for both of whom his accurate pencil was put in frequent requisition. To Dr. Morton, whose poetic talent was destined to be eclipsed by his great attainments and brilliant achievements in science, he was especially attracted by the sympathy of congenial tastes. After this, but probably before he graduated, he made the acquaintance of Dr. George McClellan,[15] who became and continued through life, one of his warmest friends and most ardent admirers. Between them, mutual respect was not long in ripening into closest intimacy. Among the dearest and most esteemed was a young painter, who, as a Kentuckian rather than a genius, had engaged his western friend's attention, and been by him brought under Dr. Bird's notice. The rare excellencies and devoted attachment of John Grimes so won upon his heart, that he could never mention his name without emotion, nor pass it by without the tribute fresh from his heart, of having been one of the very few perfectly unworldly, unselfish, disinterested beings he had ever known. There was never the slightest interruption

[14] [Richard Harlan (1796-1843) and Samuel George Morton (1799-1851), both of whom, like Bird, studied medicine under Dr. Parrish and took their degrees at the University of Pennsylvania. *(Dictionary of American Biography.)* Morton, in his early years, "devoted most of his leisure hours to reading" and frequently "tried his hand" at verse-making. See George B. Wood, *Biographical Memoir of Samuel George Morton, M.D.,* in his *Introductory Lectures and Addresses on Medical Subjects,* Philadelphia, 1872.]

[15] [George McClellan (1796-1847), founder of Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia.]

in the affectionate relations of these two guileless souls, who loved each other as men seldom do. Even after circumstances forced Mr. Grimes to the West, frequent correspondence and visits on both sides kept up the intercourse and friendship unabated, till, in the winter of 1837, after enduring many troubles and sufferings the most protracted, he was released by death; showing his faithfulness to the end, for two days holding in his dying grasp the last letter from his beloved friend, which he relinquished only when stiff in death.

This is but one of numerous instances of devoted attachment on the part of those who were connected with Dr. Bird in early life—nor is it surprising; for the universal testimony is, that in addition to his prepossessing qualities, he was liberal and generous to a fault—could never resist an appeal for assistance—would empty his pockets for a friend, or overdraw his allowance for a needy relative—denying himself, in consequence, many a luxury he could never deny another. The most trusting and unsuspicious of mortals, he never thought of doubting the honour or good intentions of others; and where he had once placed his confidence, would never allow it to be shaken, but by the most flagrant and repeated injuries. To the amiable and excellent family with which he was domesticated, during the term of his medical studies, he became justly endeared, and he warmly reciprocated their sentiments of respect and attachment. Indulged with the kindest attentions, and in sickness tended more as a son and brother than a stranger, he never spoke of them but with expressions of esteem and gratitude, and gave a proof of kind remembrance by making one of the last visits he ever paid out of his family, to his venerable landlady and her daughters.

Before the completion of his medical course, he had to mourn the loss of his uncle, Mr. Van Dyke. This accomplished scholar, elegant gentleman and true Christian, sank to the grave, where child after child had preceded him, exhausted by physical suffering and repeated domestic calamities. This event occurred but a few months before his ward arrived at what are generally termed "years of discretion." Upon the

settlement of his guardian's affairs, the young Doctor obtained possession of his little property, considerably diminished by the expenses incurred for his maintenance and education. Had he come into the world with the American propensity and talent for making money, or been blessed with a judicious and experienced friend at his elbow, to suggest the wisdom of a proper investment, this sum, small as it was, might have become the nucleus of a competency, and saved him thereafter much anxiety and many struggles. But neither of these was the case; neither books nor counsellors, nor the whisperings of self-love, had prompted the necessity of acquainting himself with those precepts and modes of action, that, however distasteful, seem indispensable to success in this world. It is, therefore, not in the least surprising, that with a soul full of poetry, and a brain stored with book-learning, and teeming with novelties of science, he was ignorant as a child or a woman of all business matters—knew not even the common terms used in money transactions—and believed every body else as honest as himself. His knowledge served him as to what was due from him to others; but hardly as to what he—as well as they—owed to himself. This was the hardest lesson he had to learn; and one that required years to force upon his generous, unsuspecting nature.

From an early period he had been fond of recording events and preserving relics, and thus many interesting mementoes have been found in the motley assemblage that formed the contents of an old trunk. There, with many like matters—school-books of all sorts, from the Viri Romae and Caesar, whose very covers must have evoked shadows of trembling urchins and innumerable trouncings, to the Horace and Thucydides, objects of affection and admiration—with piles of note-books, medical memoranda, and tickets to all the courses, including the Hospital, College of Pharmacy, &c.—appeared a venerable pocket-book, containing, among other memorabilia, a small piece of paper, marked on one side "No. 17," on the reverse, in his hand-writing, "Ex. No. before Faculty Univ. Penn. 1827. Drawn by me, and kept carefully." In this re-

ceptacle was his Guardian's account, and, on a leaf, a latin inscription marking the date of his admission to the boarding-house, and list of days for settling his bills.

When the period arrived, anticipated so eagerly, yet so anxiously—the hour when every student must pass through the ordeal that was to determine his fate—he found himself waiting his turn in an ante-room, he being next in order. Just as he heard the fearful summons—"Number 17"—rousing up all his courage, he was about to enter the room, when out rushed past him his predecessor who, a few hours before, had boasted most confidently his expected success (the identical youngster, unless memory fail, that had once put his champion's head in danger), crestfallen, discomfited, frantic with rage and indignation—swearing he would shoot himself—or his professors—because they had rejected him. Here was an agreeable prelude to the exercises awaiting No. 17. Somewhat daunted, no doubt, he entered with a pale cheek and rather confused notions of matters and things. But a pleasant remark or two—a glass of wine courteously tendered—reassured him, and the terrible examination with the first Professor was honorably over before he considered it really begun. Once fairly under way, all went straight enough in the remaining rooms; and he found, as do most others, that their instructors do something more than lecture—keep their eyes open to ascertain who use and who abuse their opportunities. He graduated April 6th, 1827.

III. Turns to Authorship

Immediately after graduation, Dr. Bird hung out his sign, and made all arrangements for supporting the character of an M.D. Selecting a rather suburban locality, in 13th Street, with open lots around him and an uninterrupted view of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum opposite, he soon found his services in demand and rewarded with success. Patients flocked about him, and his judicious treatment of them, with its favorable results, raised his reputation so rapidly that, had he continued to practice, he would, undoubtedly, have attained high rank in this honourable calling. But in the very outset, his soul rebelled against his daily occupation—the old love was too strong—Nature began to assert her rights, while former predilections gathered firmness and force the more they were crushed and trampled on. Besides, he had some very poetical and—as he himself acknowledged—absurd notions on the subject of fees; could not bring himself to sell his humanity, as he called it, and while freely giving away medicines, would not receive a cent from a patient in return; consequently, the end of the year devoted to Physick, found him poorer than the commencement. Moreover he became melancholy and unhappy at the constant sight of misery he could not always alleviate. The following conceit, perpetrated only a month or two after he graduated, and evidently never intended to see the light, is here introduced as a comical expression of the conflicts that disturbed his bosom.[16]

Methought, as I lay entranced, not on a couch of roses, but in the stiff embraces of a rush-bottomed chair, snuffing, not the odour of hyacinths, but the voluminous smoke of a spickled segar; listening, not to the roundelay of nightingales nor the babbling of runlets, but to the uproar of "Shad, fresh shad"—"Oysters, ho, oys—ters"—"Coal, charcoal, and I

[16] [This is in an unfinished letter addressed, "Dear Harry"—his brother Henry D. Bird—dated May 20, 1827.]

have no more coal to sell, for I sold the last load to John Caldwell"—methought, I say, the smoke around me gathered itself slowly into form and feature, and there stood before my wondering eyes a creature, "the cunningest pattern of excelling nature," with golden hair, blue eyes, sunshiny wings, and all the other characteristics of an angel. "Good heavens!" said I, opening my mouth and nostrils, and through the latter inhaling a singular compound of smells, among which I thought I could particularize the odour of garlic and asafoetida. "Who art thou, glorious angel?" The glorious angel answered not, but approaching me with a slow step, pointed to a lancet that lay on my table. "That is a lancet," cried I, "the scoundrelly badge of my trade."

"Scoundrelly badge!" replied the phantom with an awful voice. "Is it not the instrument with which rebellious blood is liberated from the unwholesome vein? It is a beautiful invention, and has saved many sinners." * * * *

"And that," said I, as the apparition touched a shapeless instrument, "is a * * * * "

"Peace," said the vision, blushing, "I know its use, and it is a good thing. This—"

"That, madam," replied I following her finger, "is * * * * "

"Silence," exclaimed the angel, with a visage of scarlet, "Am I not the genius of Physic, and am I to be told what are the several uses of my instruments?"

"You the Genius of Physic?" said I, falling reverently upon my knees; why you are the loveliest creature I ever laid eyes on, and by Jupiter, I thought Physick was personified in a snake or an old woman!"

"Silly mortal," exclaimed the phantom with a voice of silver, and a look all sunshine—"I am thy angel—and yet thou would'st give me up for yonder slattern huzzy you call your Muse."

"No, by heavens," said I in enthusiasm; "you are so lovely, I give myself to you. To the devil with my muse."

"Wilt thou swear to be mine, young mortal?" said the angel, stooping over me, till her warm lips exhaled their fragrant vapour on mine.

"I swear it—for thou art lovely and good beyond all things," replied I, stretching forth my hands to embrace her.

"A bite, by Jupiter!" said a soft and well known voice at my elbow.

"Ha, Muse, is't you?" "Yes it is I, false traitor," said the little damsel, scowling in wrath. "Now behold your goddess."

I turned. The Phantom of Physick had suddenly grown dropsical; her belly swelled out, her legs and feet magnified themselves; her face was white and bloated; her bosom hung flabby and dangly. * * * *

"Thou art mine," said the spectre in a horrid voice.

"Yes, he is thine," answered the muse. "Take him. I renounce him forever."

What think you of my mistress? Gadzooks, I am tempted to cut my throat, but that I have an aversion to cold steel.

Here we have a pretty plain intimation of the upshot of this year of probation, and are not amazed to find him, at the end of it, giving up his office, and relinquishing the practice of medicine, in which he never again regularly engaged. His immediate family were unanimous in their preference of him as physician, but he declined the responsibility of serious cases; while, in consultations, to which he was occasionally persuaded by his professional friends, his accurate judgment and quick insight into disease made him of great service.

As an evidence that, in the mean time, he had not been occupied solely with patients, we find, under the dates June and August, respectively, A.D. 1827, two dramas, *The Cowled Lover,* and *Caridorf, or, the Avenger,* besides a large amount of miscellaneous poetry, and the beginnings of two or three novels. These first tragedies exhibit considerable power, especially in the closing act. The catastrophe in *The Cowled Lover,* in particular, is very vivid, complete and terrible. Its power lies not so much in separate passages as in the combination and consecution of the whole; the following passage is perhaps the most quotable. The father, deluded into a false belief in his daughter's guilt, has just murdered her:

> Done! yea, truly done.
> Was that my daughter which cried out for mercy?
> Is this my child's blood smoking on my sword?
> Is that her body on the floor? Ah's me!
> This is a dismal gash on thy white throat. [*Kneeling*]
> O horror! Hell, gape open for me—I [*Starting back*]
> Have slain my—Do not shriek thus in mine ear.

What, do thy blue lips mutter curses at me?
And thy filmed eyeballs glare so angrily?
Not, not on me, thou horrid apparition;
I am thy father, look not thus on me:
No, not thy father, but thy murderer.
Yet do not look so piteously on me—
Hide thy foul visage, bloody sacrifice. [*He covers her with a garment from the bed*]
Ha! here's a gory ringlet of her hair
Not covered yet: I cannot look upon it. [*Covers it at clashing of swords without and cries of "Down with him! Stab him! No mercy for him"*]
Again! More murther howling in my halls! [*A loud shriek of horror from many voices, and cries of "He has slain him! Hew him to pieces"*]
Blood, blood! More blood! Hell is not glutted yet,
But cries, "More blood!"

The columns of the *Philadelphia Monthly Magazine,* edited by his friend, Dr. Snowden—in the two volumes of which may be found the early contributions of some of our since most distinguished citizens—contained the first certified publications of our young author. These appeared generally over the signature "B," though some were prefixed to other initials. "Saul's Last Day," published in the opening number of that periodical, was followed by many poems, among which may be mentioned "The Death of Meleager," "Rest in Thine Isle, Young Hero, Rest," and three tales, "The Ice-Island," "The Spirit of the Reeds," and "The Phantom Players."[17] "The Ice-Island" was partly written by his brother Henry, whose facility of pen and poetic talent, exquisitely shown in that beautiful production, "The Dead Soldier,"[18] came near adding, in his person, a second poor author to the family. With

[17] [Thirteen poems, and the three prose tales mentioned above, are in the two volumes of the magazine, 1827 and 1828. A list of these is given by Foust, *op. cit.,* p. 163.]

[18] [This is wrongly attributed by Foust to R. M. Bird. It was published over the initials H.D.B. in the second number of the magazine, preceded by a note welcoming "another unknown correspondent" to its columns.]

the same literary predilections, Mr. Henry Bird enjoyed his brother's confidence, and we have his authority for stating that Dr. Bird, in this his twenty-second year, planned the works by which he is best known—his tragedies and romances (no less than fifty-five plays are named as projected by him at this time, not to speak of a large number of romances)—and this assertion, as well as the following, is fully sustained by the dates and memoranda found in his portfolios.

His course, as marked out by himself at that early day, was to appear boldly before the world as a dramatist; to follow up three or four plays with a succession of romances; reserving as the suitable expression of mature, middle age, a series of histories, already in his mind's eye. With a view to these varied labours, his whole course of study was arranged, and, even during the term devoted to producing works of fiction, it embraced the patient search after truth of the savant and historian. As necessary preliminaries to the completion of his plans, he determined to prepare himself by assiduous study in all the immediate and collateral branches; then to travel over the ground he had selected as the scene of future efforts; and, finally, to work up at home the materials so carefully gathered and skilfully arranged in the store-house of his brain.

To facilitate the first of these measures, he, jointly with two of his brothers, rented and furnished a house, over which their mother was invited to preside. Thus were these long-separated members of the family re-united, and, in the quiet and retirement of *home,* Dr. Bird was able to secure the seclusion and privacy indispensable to the objects nearest his heart.

Domestic affairs once settled, Dr. Bird devoted himself to his proposed task with unremitting application. Collecting around him the requisite authorities—keeping near at hand, as books of reference, all manner of dictionaries, maps, geographies, histories, encyclopedias and gazetteers—he spent the greater part of the day in study, and often encroached upon the hours that should have been given to repose. To a close examination of the models in our own language, as well as the

ancient and french and spanish classics, he added a vast amount of miscellaneous reading on matters in any way connected with the civil or natural history of the countries, the manners, habiliments, etc., of the people that he had selected for the scenes and the subjects of his operations. In the case of rare or valuable works, accessible only through public libraries, he made copious extracts or translations, and had this, in some instances, done for him, where distance or other cause prevented a personal examination. Especially evident is the care and pains taken to make himself thoroughly conversant with all the details of our own, and of Spanish-American history and geography. The numerous notes, translations and extracts, maps and plans of cities and battle-grounds, figures illustrative of native or spanish costume—drawn by his hand, and filling portfolios—attest the zeal with which he availed himself of all means to secure truth and exactness.

Gifted with an acuteness and quickness of perception, accorded to few, and a wonderfully retentive memory, he never trusted solely to their agency, but held fast and put in order the facts acquired or the ideas suggested by them, by means of numerous notes and memoranda. So effectual were these and other methods, known best to himself, that he was seldom at fault in turning at once to the very page containing the line of poetry, scientific fact, historic event, or descriptive passage, that might be wanting. It mattered not how many years had elapsed since he had seen it; what had once interested him remained indelibly fixed in his mind, and, if from some inexplicable cause, a rare case of forgetfulness occurred, his annoyance was excessive, and not often dispelled till the wished-for thought would flash before his mind's eye.

It has not been mentioned that, eminent among his natural gifts, was a turn for mechanics; and, among his accomplishments, great dexterity in the use of tools. These traits were early exhibited in various ways; but perhaps, in none more fully than the experiments he carried on in devising a machine for making bricks—a scheme which exercised his mind and occupied his hands off and on during the leisure moments

of several years. When only nineteen years old, walking one day with Dr. Black in the outskirts of the city, he became interested in watching the movements of some men and boys, engaged in the slow process of moulding bricks in one of the yards then so abundant in our suburbs. "What a barbarous operation!" he exclaimed at last. "Cannot something be invented to put a stop to this tiresome drudgery?" From that time his thoughts often returned to the subject, and, after finishing his medical studies, he set about planning a machine to supply the want in good earnest. Working at the model—of which he made all the various parts with his own hands—testing its powers—and for that purpose he kept his box of clay always at hand—then improving or altering—this was the recreation he indulged in, and to which he gladly turned to relax his mind and freshen his spirits.

Another object that greatly interested him was a design for a monument to Washington—a project that was then creating quite an agitation in the public mind of Philadelphia—and had so many powerful advocates that but little doubt was entertained of its execution. Dr. Bird, who seemed never at a loss, whose astonishing versatility of genius was constantly urging him to new enterprises, found agreeable exercise for his inventive faculties in contriving a plan for a structure, worthy the illustrious character of the great Father of his Country, and of the munificence of the City, that, in honoring him, would adorn herself. The grandeur and novelty of his design secured for it many admirers, but its costliness would have effectually prevented its adoption by a republican community, always chary of an outlay for works of Art, even if the very idea of the Memorial had not been soon altogether abandoned.[19] These projects were engaged in, as was much of his

[19] [A letter from Black to Bird, written in Washington, October 27, 1833, shows that Bird had not yet abandoned hope for success of his plan. In an interesting account of an interview with President Jackson, Black wrote: "We also talked of American architecture - - - -. The old fellow was absolutely sarcastic on the employment of foolish *European* architects in this country. Having talked to Barry of you, and of your monument plan, and of the glorious point which

miscellaneous poetry, as relaxation, and never allowed to interfere with his regular pursuits.

A comedy, *The City Looking Glass,* was finished in the summer of 1828, and, in the following extract from a letter written about the same time, at New Castle,[20] we have a reference to another project:

Yesterday I found myself on the *Brandywine Battle Ground.* It was a good thing for me to be there; for besides delighting me with beautiful scenery, it renewed in me the desire to go on with "The Volunteers," and furnished me with many hints and clues for my story. I was particular in examining the grounds on both sides of the river, but particularly that occupied by the Americans. I walked over the ridge on which the American breastwork had been thrown up, and from which you see very distinctly, ½ a mile off, the hill where the Hessians planted their artillery—and the hill occupied by Washington just before the commencement of the contest. I surveyed the spot where they buried the American dead. I was shown one or two vestiges of the battle, and among the rest, a trunnion of a cannon of the largest class, ploughed up a few days ago—and, in fine, I drew a chart of the ground, and furnished myself with a great deal of information, which I shall make the most of.

Divers other plays and novels in embryo, of this period, remain: records of the ceaseless working of his mind. Some of these, as "The Three Dukes," "King Philip, the Sagamore," planned in all their details, he intended to finish in after years—many were abandoned, and some, used by others; for, full of conceptions and projects, and perfectly unsuspicious, it is no wonder some of his best ideas, freely expressed in conversation, were as freely appropriated by those whom opportunity favoured and conscience did not forbid, or, as

might be made in our history by Genl. Jackson causing the erection of a monument to Genl. W— and that monument the germ of a new and Amern. order of architecture—and Barry having expressed delight and his vivid and favorable remembrance of you, etc.,—thinks I, now's my time to nail the Prest., when he asked me to step to the window to shew me the view from it and the conversation was lead off by him. I was too much a diplomatist to play boy and have postponed it until I see him again." "Barry" was presumably William Taylor Barry, then Postmaster General.]

[20] [To Henry D. Bird, July 14, 1828.]

charity whispers, whom a strange hallucination blinded as to their true origin. In respect to these, Dr. Bird never thought it worth while to claim his own, or even to refer to them but in the strictest privacy.

In the numerous poetic productions of these two or three years, during which he was proving his powers in every variety of style and measure, fearlessly tried, can be traced the same mind as shone out in the matured compositions of later years. While those of his nineteenth and twentieth year exhibit, of course, a more youthful and ambitious tone, and are chiefly fanciful, some seem to have come directly from the heart. Occasionally, the same idea is presented under three or four aspects, as merry, lachrymose, elevated, &c.; some are measured to us in foreign tongues; in all is evident the care with which he was training his pen to give life and expression to the thoughts with which, at the same time, his mind was filling.

Early Poems

[In accordance with Mrs. Bird's apparent intention we print here a few of the poems written by Bird during these formative, experimental years, probably between 1825 and 1827, which have been preserved, in Bird's writing, in a paper-covered blankbook. Several of these early poems were printed in the *Philadelphia Monthly Magazine;* the following, so far as we can ascertain, have not previously been published.]

HEALTH SONG

Written for Feb. 5, 1825. *Tune,* "Sul Margine d'un Rio"
"Oh, lady, why thus sadly gaze?"

1

Who thinks not, on each festal day,
Of the last finished year?
And friends that swept with it away
To some more distant sphere?
That we should rank them, God forbid,
With dull oblivion's hosts;
Then let us drink, as ancients did,
Libations to their *ghosts.*

2

With fervent heart, and friendly voice,
We cannot fail to prove
The objects of some others' choice,
And worthy of their love.
And living friends, as all may know,
Are worth our wine and wealth;
Then let us drink, as moderns do,
A goblet to their health.

LINES WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT—MAY 1825

1

The midnight hath a joy for me,
    A silence and a spell,
That daylight, with her pageantry,
    Can never urge so well.
The yellow moon, the starry host,
The sky in angry tempests lost,
Have all and each their several power,
That consecrates that solemn hour.

2

The simple lamp that flickers then
    With an expiring ray;
The idle and recording pen,
    That wiles my hours away,—
Attract attention sad and deep;
And thoughts that sometimes trance and sleep,
Recalled by their unspeaking power,
Add necromancy to the hour.

3

As if upon the world alone,
    And all mankind had fled;
As if the very earth had grown
    A dwelling for the dead,—
I sit, and seem in sovereign state,
A monarch of the buried great,
Who come in dim sepulchral power,
To pay me reverence in that hour.

4

For he that wakes, and notice pays
    To his nocturnal soul,
Is a magician and can raise
    The dead at his controul;—
And proud, and dark, and calmly grand,
He seems amid their groups to stand,
Exultant of his gloomy power
O'er all that serve the midnight hour.

LINES TO THE WISSAHICKON

Thy green lone banks, thy rocky marge, thy veil
    Of virgin solitude, sweet stream!—thy tide
Of eloquent murmurs, and thy narrow vale,
    That winds along the jutting mountain's side,
    As 'twould embrace it, like an humble bride
That clasps her modest arms around the knees
    Of a rude husband;—and thy waves that chide
The prostrate hemlock and the passing breeze,
Are to my thoughts as odours to the roughening seas.

I dream of thee, when, tired of earth and men
    Thought needs a soother; when the opening day
Sparkles with glory, and the night again
    Comes, like an Ethiop princess in array,
    Or the dead midnight holds his solemn sway,
I think of thee, and how in such an hour
    Thou hast been to mine eye, with all thy gay,
And melancholy, and contrasted power,
Of rock, stream, star, and solitary bower.

Oh! could I be the harmless solitaire
    To rove thy banks and navigate thy breast,
And dream out days of idle joyance there,
    In useless, careless, meditative rest,
    A worshipper of Nature, and her guest;
Methinks there could no happier destiny be
    Since Fate so few has with their wishes blest,
    O'er high ambition's pinnacle to flee—
And sure a fate so bright is not for one like me.

MELANCHOLY'S ALLEGORIES

'Tis o'er with me—and yet my life
Is young in years, though old in strife—
The strife of a heart that hath lost its stay,
And battles its desperate powers away
With a vain mad rage, and a gloomy foe,
That calls himself Consuming Woe.

'Tis o'er with me,—though the path that creeps
Up the perilous tops of life's high steeps,
Is hardly by my slow foot begun,
And the first stage of reflection won.
I look me back to the first of my years,
And find that they rose from the River of Tears.

'Tis o'er with me—I have changed my goal
From that which first pleased my youthful soul
And my path is short, and downward, and steep,
And it leads to a vale, where the shadows are deep,
To a lonely, a dark, and a silent cave,
Whose gloom is called the Gloom of the Grave.

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